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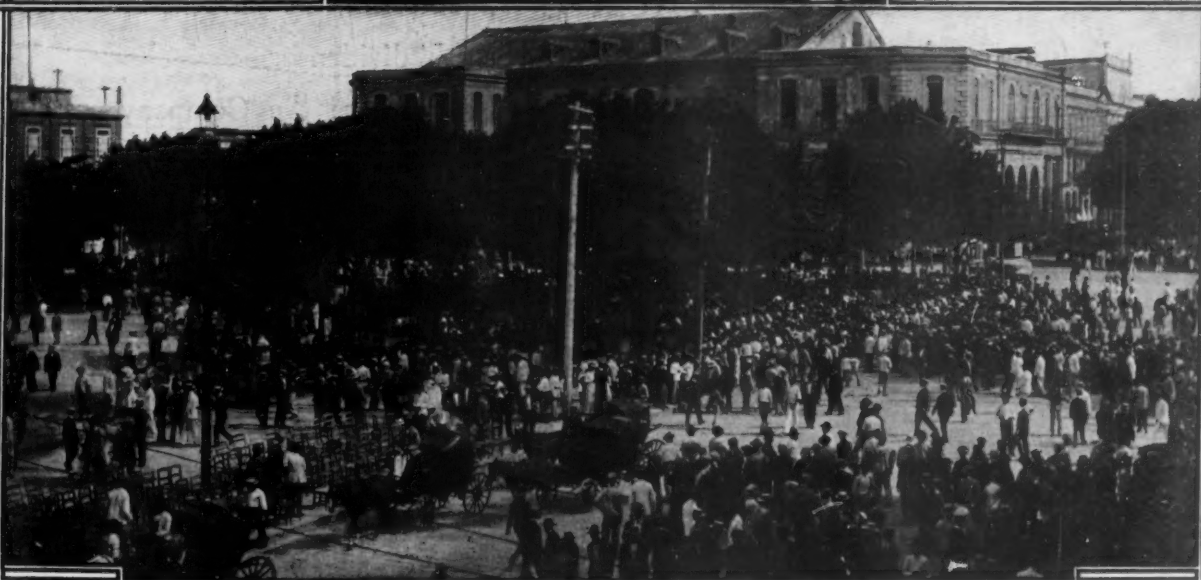
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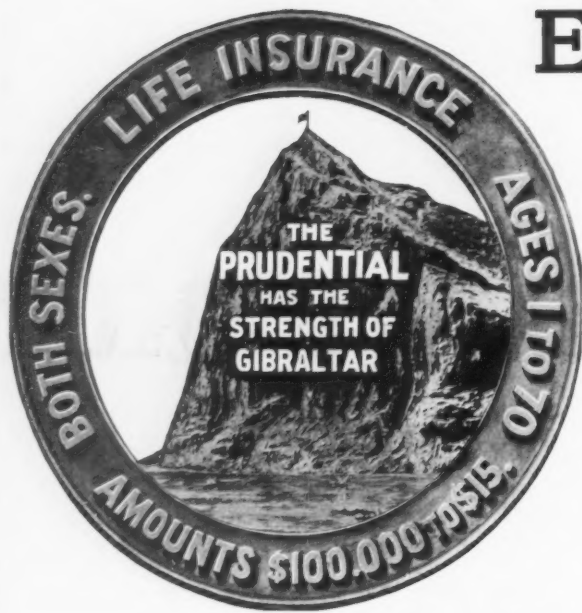
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THE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE SCHLEY COURT has not been altogether, or even generally, favorable to Admiral Schley. The bias in the navy against the Admiral has been as clearly shown by witnesses on the stand as it was in the reported remark of another admiral. When asked what would be the proper length of a sword to be presented to Admiral Schley, he is said to have replied, "Seven miles." But the testimony has pretty thoroughly disposed of the suspicion of personal cowardice, which was the burden of MacLay's furious attack. The men who were near Schley during the fight at Santiago agree in declaring that he bore himself with admirable coolness and courage. Most people are neither Sampson men nor Schley men, and they will be glad to know that Schley's enemies have been unable to make a charge stick from which the American navy, with all its faults, has been gloriously free.

NOT MUCH MORE THAN HALF THE RANSOM demanded by the brigands who hold Miss Stone, the American missionary, had been raised at last reports, and friends of the prisoner were becoming disheartened. Turkey sent troops to pursue the kidnappers, but later this force was withdrawn at the solicitation of the Secretary of the American Legation, who feared the rascals would murder the missionary. They have done this sort of thing before, and although the criminals were subsequently hanged, their death did not compensate for the loss of more valuable lives. The apathy of the American public in the case would seem strange if the society which sent Miss Stone out to Bulgaria had shown less thriftiness about devoting part of its funds to the ransom. Nevertheless, we may hope that before this issue appears the rescue may be effected, for whatever any one may think of the wisdom of sending unprotected women on such missions, or even of the wisdom of attempting to convert people who have an old and a pretty good religion of their own, it would be a great shame to this country if an American woman should suffer a cruel death, or worse, because of the failure to raise a relatively small sum for her freedom.

THE LAW'S DELAYS HAVE BEEN RATHER TOO pointedly illustrated by the decision of the State Court of Appeals in the Molineux case in New York. The court has granted a new trial on what seems to a layman the very obvious ground that hearsay evidence of another suspected murder was not proof of this one. But the extraordinary feature of the case is the length of time the honorable court took to arrive at this apparently simple conclusion. The prisoner was convicted over twenty months ago. The man who is now presumed by the law to be innocent has spent the intervening time in the death chamber at Sing Sing, and his family have been subjected to tortures that must have seemed worse than death. Even in the courts, a little expedition in considering capital cases might be the way to the mercy that we are told ought to temper justice. Not many years ago, a Western Supreme Court granted a new trial in a noted case after two of the three defendants had died in prison under the sentence imposed in the first trial and most of the important witnesses had passed away or been dispersed to the ends of the earth.

THE SORT OF REPORT GENERAL BROOKE has made on the condition of the New England Coast Defences would cause a great scandal in any Continental country. Our public hears it with the same cheerful indifference it displays toward the dislocation of the navy's discipline that has been going on every day at Washington, the queer appointments in the army, and other things that excite our just contempt when they occur abroad. But the President, who has an eye particularly to technical military affairs, may give heed to the report. According to General Brooke, we are following only half the maxim that bids us trust in God and keep our powder dry. He found the storage-places better suited for orchids than for powder. They are damp, and the powder stored in some of them is hardly fit for use. Manifestly, a gun primed with powder that will not burn is not of much use even in the hands of the most expert gunner. It was little things like this that made

the Franco-Prussian War a walkover for the forehanded Teuton. No wonder the residents of the Back Bay were in a state of panic when the Spanish fleet was reported at the Cape Verde Islands coaling for Boston.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION ON WHICH THE people of the Greater New York think so much depends will be held next week. The anti-Tammany forces are apparently better organized than they have been at any time since W. R. Grace led the opposition to "the Hall." They have all the tactical advantages on their side except a large campaign fund, and they have made a determined canvass. The newspapers, without an important exception, are pleading their cause, and the pulpit thunders against Croker. In any other community except New York, the signs would indicate a sweeping victory for the reform ticket. But New York is peculiar, and no one can tell until Election day whether the discontent with Tammany rule has penetrated to its worst victims, the pilfered and demoralized people of the densely populated tenement districts. It has happened before this that all the auguries were for reform and most of the votes for Tammany.

EVEN THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS THAT HAVE most fervently supported the government have begun to rage over the elusiveness of British army reform. General Buller's appointment to the command of the army corps that would have to meet the first shock of a European war might have been forgiven, but Buller has made the bad matter worse by an amazing speech, in which he acknowledged that he practically advised General White to surrender Ladysmith. In the chorus of indignation and shame that has arisen over this confession hardly any one connected with the war escapes censure. A few government organs are even going so far as to hint that Lord Kitchener is not quite the man for the place. Mr. Rhodes is in England, ill and apparently submerged by the general misfortune, the glory of Baden-Powell is fading, and Cape Town is under martial law. Very little occurs to revive the spirit of "Mafficking," beyond the reports of the capture of a flock of sheep by the illustrious Methuen, or the surrender of a Boer commander who wanted to go into hospital. September 15 was the date set for the conclusion of hostilities but apparently the Boers must have more innings; and, after registering a protest, the British are forced to go on with the weary and dreary game.

A FEW MORE APPOINTMENTS LIKE THAT OF Mr. Heald as postmaster of Wilmington, Delaware, and there will be no lingering doubt as to which king Mr. Roosevelt has chosen to fight under, or whether the office has changed the character of the man. The postmaster put out is an Addicks man; the candidate appointed to his place is one of the little band of Republicans who fought the good fight against the Addicks influence. Any one acquainted with the politics of Delaware since Addicks's first appearance as a candidate for Senatorship will understand what that means. The complications introduced by Mr. Hanna's amazing indorsement of a most impudent speculation in carpet-bagging will be smoothed out as soon as Mr. Roosevelt makes it apparent that party loyalty is not involved with devotion to the gas man and the gas money.

IN THE GENERAL EPISCOPAL CONVENTION AT San Francisco, the House of Deputies defeated a canon sent down by the House of Bishops forbidding the remarriage of persons divorced for any cause not existing before their former marriage. A majority of the clerical votes was cast for the canon, a majority of the lay votes against it. In the House of Bishops itself the canon had been adopted by a majority of only nine votes. The present canon permits a new marriage by the innocent party to a suit in which the ground is unfaithfulness.

TO HIS OWN GREAT SURPRISE, AND DOUBT-less to the great surprise of the public, John Most, the old anarchist, was sentenced to imprisonment for one year for republishing in his newspaper, the "Frei-

heit," a stock article of the anarchist press called "Murder versus Murder." The construction of the law under which Most was sentenced is bound to be terrifying to anarchists. The criminal code provides in one section that any person who commits an act "which seriously disturbs or endangers the public peace, for which no other punishment is expressly provided, is guilty of a misdemeanor." The Court held that Most's publication fell under the meaning of this section. There was a little too much rhetoric in the decision to make it quite convincing and Most is not exactly the person for exemplary punishment, since years and rum and poverty and punishment have clipped his claws. But the construction of the law will stand as a deterrent of anarchistic outpourings until the Legislature more closely defines the offence of publishing such articles as "Murder versus Murder."

IT IS SAID THAT KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM has decided to come to this country, and as the first monarch to befriend our shores with a visit, he is sure to be welcomed enthusiastically. He is a very gay old gentleman of sixty-five, whose morals are so much more of the old than of the new court that he is not very well received by his prim and domestic cousins. He is a great chauffeur, an accomplished yachtsman, and, besides, he has a taste for business that would entitle him to respect in Wall Street. His readiness in converting the philanthropies of the Congo Free State into a highly successful business venture, and his adroitness in exchanging the promises of a bank for the notes of his beloved and more or less devoted country, must excite the generous admiration of our magnates.

ALL OTHER ITALIAN POPULAR HEROES HAVE had to give precedence for two years to Mussolino, the Calabrian brigand. Poems were written about him and hawked in the streets, and a highly colored life of the notable found a good many more admiring readers than D'Annunzio's poems and novels. He is a classical ruffian who, like Robin Hood, took to the forest because of the tyranny of the authorities. Like Robin Hood, he is said to have robbed the rich to feed the poor. He seldom molested innocent travellers, but he was the terror of the gendarmes and he managed to kill a good many of them. When he escaped from prison, he swore he would slay all the fifteen witnesses whose testimony had convicted him, and he did manage to make away with twelve of them. But even in Italy and in Calabria, with the admiring peasantry as his allies, a bandit's reign is short-lived. Mussolino was surrounded and captured the other day, and he will live henceforth in the quarry and in the little romances that travellers will find in the bookstalls of Rome and Naples.

A WESTERN RAILWAY PRESIDENT AT THE Bankers' Convention the other day spoke in favor of abolishing the sub-treasuries and creating a "central bank" with functions like those of the Bank of England. It would be "the bank of the banks and the bank of the government." The Secretary of the Treasury, who was present in the capacity of kind critic, strongly commended the speech, which was, however, nothing very new. The scheme has often been discussed in the same vague way, but public sentiment seems to be against it and it does not exactly fit the vigorous rivalries of our great financial combinations. A few years ago, when the institution in New York that is called the Rockefeller bank began the consolidation that made it overshadow its neighbors, advocates of the "central bank" scheme began to see their way clear. But it soon became apparent that even this enormous aggregation of capital was representative of only a small fraction of the financial energies of the country, and recently it has been found necessary to meet its activities with an alliance between other great banks with resources equal to those of the older combination. Such a central bank as Mr. Stickney advocates and Mr. Gage mildly indorses, is a creation of slow growth, and many political and business elements go into its building. It is not likely to leap complete out of an essay, even at the bidding of such a financial wizard as the Secretary of the Treasury.

THE DEFENCE OF ADMIRAL SCHLEY

By WALTER WELLMAN, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly at Washington



DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, WASHINGTON

THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY TAKES UP THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.—Admiral Dewey, 1; Rear-Admiral Schley, 2; Rear-Admiral Benham, 3; Rear-Admiral Ramsay, 4; Judge Advocate Lemly, 5; Mr. E. P. Hanna, 6; Mr. Isidor Rayner, 7; Lieutenant-Commander Hodgson, 8; Captain Parker, 9.

WAS THERE a conspiracy of naval officers during the Spanish War to withhold information from Commodore Schley and thus put him in a false position? Since the war, has there been another conspiracy to rob him of the honors which he won in spite of the plot to undo him? Along these lines runs the defence which Admiral Schley is now presenting to the famous Court of Inquiry at Washington. Some of the evidence is sensational, and all of it is interesting.

Public interest in the celebrated case by no means lags. If anything, it steadily increases. All over the country the people are extremely anxious to know the truth. They find difficulty in understanding the full value and bearing of the fragmentary testimony as it is reported in the daily press, and for this reason the writer has endeavored to present the facts, as drawn from the testimony, in clear and connected fashion.

Last week COLLIER'S WEEKLY gave the arraignment of Admiral Schley. Now, according to promise, it presents the Admiral's defence as it has already appeared before the Court and, as I am able to say upon authoritative information, it will still further develop.

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY"

The first point in the story from Schley's standpoint is that when the Flying Squadron left Key West, May 19, Commodore Schley's orders from Admiral Sampson were simply to blockade the port of Cienfuegos. Nothing whatever was said to him about searching elsewhere for the Spanish fleet. At that time the government at Washington, Sampson, Remy, Watson, Chadwick—every one believed the enemy was at Cienfuegos. No one could imagine why Cervera should put into a port like Santiago, which had no rail connection with Havana, and there was every reason to believe he would put into Cienfuegos, which had such connection, and from whence he could forward his guns and munitions of war to Blanco at the capital. When Schley steamed out of Key West, Sampson's flag-ship signalled him:

"You are bound for Cienfuegos to bag the Spaniards." Schley went straight to Cienfuegos, and at once proceeded to obey orders by blockading that port. It is now claimed he should have shown greater energy in trying to ascertain if Cervera was really there. But, according to the defence, Schley did all he was ordered to do, all he could be expected to do, all it was possible for him to do under the circumstances. He knew nothing of the presence of friendly Cubans along that coast. He had never been informed that on the 15th Captain McCalla had established communication with the insurgents west of the town and had arranged with them a code of signals for future use. Schley had passed McCalla near Key West the morning of the 19th, but McCalla gave him no information of value.

"FIGHTING BOB" LACKED INTUITION

Captain Evans of the *Irona* left Key West after McCalla's arrival there, and was informed of the location of the insurgents and of the code of signals. He arrived at Cienfuegos

the same day Schley did, but never communicated his information. He saw the signals on shore, and made remarks about them to his officers, but never thought of informing his commanding officer of their significance. If Evans had done his duty Schley would have had this information the day he arrived there and would have been able to learn the truth and to save two of the days he is now charged with having wasted.

The theory of the Department is that Schley should have secured information on his own account by sending a boat ashore. But the defence claims it would have been simply madness to send officers and men ashore, in the absence of information, as they were almost sure to be killed by the Spaniards who were supposed to be patrolling that whole coast. Here the Department retorts with the inquiry why Schley could not do what McCalla had already done—that McCalla had to establish communication in the first instance without knowledge of the shore conditions; why could not Schley do the same? Why must Schley always have information handed up to him by some one else? The answer of the defence is very simple. McCalla was there in good weather, and the insurgents put off from shore in a boat and sought communication with the American ships. Otherwise McCalla would not have had communication. No such good luck happened to Schley; and the information which McCalla had been so fortunate as to secure was withheld from him till McCalla himself returned to Cienfuegos on the morning of the 24th.

TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH

Schley had gone to Cienfuegos under orders to blockade that port. His orders required him to do nothing else. He was obeying those orders when the next letter from his superior reached him, and this proved to be the "Dear Schley" communication from Sampson, inclosing a despatch from the Department giving a rumor that Cervera was at Santiago, and "strongly advising" Sampson to establish a blockade of that port. Notwithstanding this information and the suggestion of the Department, Sampson ordered Schley not to go to Santiago, but to continue the blockade of Cienfuegos. Sampson further said that even if the enemy had put into Santiago, "our best chance of capturing their ships is to hold the two points, Cienfuegos and Havana, with all the force we can muster," he still thinking Cervera would seek either Havana or Cienfuegos in order to deliver to Blanco the munitions of war which he had brought. This was the 22d. Up to this time there is no suggestion that Commodore Schley was not obeying orders and doing his full duty.

From this day on, beginning with May 23d, begins the long series of misunderstandings between Sampson, the commander-in-chief, and Schley, commanding the Flying Squadron. The whole episode forms one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of the American navy. It is a chapter of bungling of orders and tardy and clumsy use of most valuable information. To understand the whole story the reader must go back a few days.

May 15th Cervera's squadron left Curaçoa for the south

coast of Cuba. The American consul there promptly wired the information to Washington. Sampson with his fleet was this day near Cape Haitien, about two hundred miles from Santiago. He received the news about Cervera's departure from Curaçoa, and has himself said since that he believed the Spaniards would make either for San Juan, Porto Rico, or for Santiago, probably the latter. His guess turned out to be correct. If at that moment Sampson had steamed for Santiago he would have arrived there before the enemy and would have had battle while Schley was still at Key West. But instead of steaming two hundred miles to meet the foe at Santiago, Sampson made a retrograde movement of five hundred miles along the whole north coast of Cuba to Key West to order Schley five or six hundred miles along the south coast to intercept the foe.

CERVERA WOULDN'T TELL WHERE HE WAS GOING

Cervera entered Santiago the morning of the 19th of May. Sampson did not even have a scout there to witness the arrival and report the news. That very day a friendly telegraph operator at Havana informed the government at Washington of Cervera's arrival. President McKinley had the news that night. Sampson, who had meanwhile returned to Key West, had it the next morning in an order from the Department "strongly advising" him to order Schley (who had left the day before) to go from Cienfuegos to Santiago. The Department had no other idea than that Sampson would obey this order. Instead, he, that day, ordered Schley to stay at Cienfuegos.

In the evening of the 20th Sampson received more positive information as to the presence of the enemy at Santiago, the friendly telegraph operator at Havana having been again communicated with. At three o'clock the next morning (the 21st) Sampson sent to Schley a despatch reading, "Spanish squadron probably at Santiago. If you are satisfied they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago, and if the enemy is there blockade him in port." This despatch Schley received on the 23d. But it did not clear the situation at all for him. Still he had neither positive orders nor definite information. "Probably at Santiago"—"if in port"—"if you are satisfied they are not at Cienfuegos." But Schley was not satisfied. Indeed, he had good reason to believe he had Cervera at Cienfuegos, and so reported to Sampson that day. Schley claims he followed both the spirit and the letter of his orders by continuing the blockade, and that he would not have been justified in doing anything else. If he had left Cienfuegos without making sure the enemy were there, and it had afterward turned out that the enemy were, Schley would have been liable to court martial for disobedience of orders and neglect of his duty to the country.

ADMIRALS IN TROUBLED WATERS

During the 21st, Sampson steamed from Key West to his blockade station off Havana. Here at last he appears to

THE ROYAL VISIT TO TORONTO

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALLERIE PHOTO CO.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK REACHED Toronto, the capital city of the Canadian province of Ontario, on their return journey from the Pacific coast on Thursday, October 10. Lord Minto, the Governor-General of the Dominion, Lady Minto, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, Lady Laurier, and many functionaries, high in office, greeted the royalties at the specially erected railway station in North Toronto. The heir to the throne of England and the Duchess drove to the City Hall, His Royal Highness wearing a British Admiral's uniform. Eleven thousand troops lined the route taken by the

ducal carriage. At the City Hall a monster chorus sang a hymn of welcome, and Mayor Howland delivered an address in the name of the city. The Duke spoke briefly and aptly in reply to the Mayor's patriotic speech, thanking the people of Toronto for the magnificent reception accorded him. Our illustration portrays the departure of Their Royal Highnesses from the City Hall, whence they proceeded to Government House, the official residence of Sir Oliver Mowat, Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, there to be entertained during their sojourn in Toronto. Upon quitting that city the royal party journeyed to Niagara Falls.

have become convinced that Cervera was at Santiago and that it would be better to follow the orders of the Department and send Schley to that port. But note the method he adopted of transmitting this order to Schley. Instead of saying frankly and clearly what information he had and what he wanted done, he inclosed a copy of his previous order—"if you are satisfied," etc.—and added this "memorandum": "It is thought the inclosed instructions [to go to Santiago "if satisfied"] will reach by 2 A.M., May 23. This will enable you to leave before daylight and be at Santiago A.M. May 24. It is thought the Spanish squadron still probably at Santiago." Also, "It is thought possible that the Spanish, hearing of your departure from Cienfuegos, may attempt to go there."

This reached Schley on the morning of the 23d. But it was only a memorandum, based upon the previous order, which it accompanied. The memorandum was not an order at all, Schley maintains, only comment upon the "inclosed instructions," and the "inclosed instructions" required Schley to go to Santiago "if he was satisfied" the enemy was not at Cienfuegos. What else could Schley do, it is asked by the defence, but obey his orders and continue the Cienfuegos blockade till he was satisfied?

SAUVE QUI PEUT!

Sampson himself did not appear to be sure of anything. Evidently he was anxious to leave no loophole of possibility that the enemy were at Cienfuegos, or danger that Cervera might slip by Schley and make his way up to Havana, where Sampson himself was on duty. Amid this confusion and uncertainty, harassed by these qualifications and "ifs" and "probablys" and "possiblys," Schley claims he had but one thing to do—to stay at Cienfuegos in accordance with his orders till more definite information came to hand.

The Department claims this "memorandum" was an order, and an imperative order; that its context shows it to have been such. Also, that the circumstances attending its forwarding by a fast despatch boat from off Havana, and the oral instructions given the commander of the despatch boat, Lieutenant Hood, were proof strong as Holy Writ that the order was urgent and was expected to be obeyed immediately.

As soon as McCalla came up on the 24th, and gave Schley the information which Evans had had for forty hours without communicating it to his commanding officer, the truth as to the situation in Cienfuegos was quickly learned, and four hours later the Flying Squadron started for Santiago.

One of the charges against Schley is that he made this voyage too slowly, that instead of using forty-five hours he should have made the trip in thirty hours or less. Schley admits he could have done it in thirty hours, but only by leaving behind his collier and his smaller ships.

It must be remembered that at that time no one knew where the Spanish fleet was. The Department did not know. It had an idea the enemy was at Santiago, but at the same time it was trying to get Schley there on the supposition that the foe was in that port it was also urging Schley to find out whether or not that was true. The information seemed as doubtful as the orders. If Schley had left his collier and his smaller vessels behind, and the enemy had come along and captured them, the Commodore would justly have been charged with grievous neglect of duty. He claims, therefore, that he was wholly justified in keeping his squadron together, and this explains why he used more time than the Department now thinks he should have used in going from Cienfuegos to Santiago.

SCHLEY AT SANTIAGO—BAD LUCK IN CLOSE PURSUIT

Late in the afternoon of the 26th Schley arrived about twenty-five miles off Santiago. Here that fatality of lack of news and lack of definite orders followed him again.

At that point the scouts met him. They had been cruising in the vicinity for nearly a week. Schley naturally supposed they would have positive information for him. But they had none. Not one of them had seen anything of the enemy. There were no orders of any importance from the Department or from Sampson—nothing that threw any light on the situation. The only assurances of a definite nature the Commodore received came from Sigsbee, who boarded the flagship and said he had seen nothing of the Spaniards and that he did not believe they were in port. Sigsbee testified that he told Schley something quite different—that while he had seen the enemy he had no reason to believe they were not in Santiago, as the Department's information placed them.

Anxious about his coal supply, anxious lest Cervera should round the western end of Cuba without battle, surrounded by doubts and cloudy orders and a general uncertainty, Schley began his retrograde movement toward Key West.

THE DEPARTMENT WAS TOO CURIOUS

After proceeding a short distance to the westward, Schley was overtaken, the morning of the 27th, by the *Harvard* with another despatch from Washington, dated May 25, and reading in part:

"All the Department's information indicates Spanish division still at Santiago. Department looks to you to ascertain facts, and that the enemy, if therein, does not leave without a decisive engagement," etc. In reply to this Schley sent his famous despatch, "Much to be regretted, cannot obey Department's orders, earnestly as we have all striven to that end," which is now used as a basis for the charge of disobedience of orders.

Schley's defence is that his despatch was justifiable because the conditions were such that literal compliance with the Department's orders was inadvisable, if not physically impossible; that all naval officers are clothed with certain discretionary power, to be used according to their best judgment amid the conditions which surround them; and that, in view of the uncertainty which existed as to the whereabouts of the enemy and the short coal supply of his ships, this movement to the westward was not only excusable, but was, in fact, a strategic movement of great prudence and great possible value to the nation. It was his duty to keep together the ships which his superior had assigned to his command, and to see to it that when he met the enemy they were in the best possible condition for fighting or chasing.

WHY THE "COLON" WAS NOT ANNIHILATED

In regard to his failure to destroy the *Colon* on the 31st of May, Schley relies upon the evidence which shows that his orders direct from Sampson were not to risk the ships of the Flying Squadron against shore batteries—an order which the Department afterward repeated and made more positive. His bombardment of the *Colon* was never intended as an effort to destroy that ship, but only as a reconnaissance of the forts, and as such was eminently successful. If he had sent his ships further in toward the *Colon*, and some of them had been disabled or sunk by the shore batteries, Schley would have been charged with disobedience of the orders of his government, which had deliberately determined upon a policy of not risking battleships against fortifications.

As to the "loop" of the *Brooklyn*, the defence claims, and believes the evidence proves, that the *Texas* was never in actual danger; that the *Brooklyn* was in position where one of two things had to be done: (1) turn to port and thus run so near the enemy as to draw all their fire at close range, with great danger that the fastest ship of the American fleet would be destroyed or put out of action; or (2) turn to starboard and swing round to the pursuit; that the latter course was wisely chosen, and that it was a manoeuvre which should be praised as highly strategic and effective.

Captain Cook, Commander Sears and other officers of the *Brooklyn* have testified to Commodore Schley's gallant conduct in battle. He exposed himself to the enemy's fire, and, in the words of Cook, was at all times "a model officer, brave, patriotic and enthusiastic, a model for all to follow." Sears told the court that he several times begged Commodore Schley not to risk his life by standing in the open, as it was not necessary.

The account which these and other officers have given of the famous "loop" of the *Brooklyn* is believed to have convinced the court that this manoeuvre was wholly justified by the conditions, and is not open to criticism.



BY COURTESY OF BRETAGNOS

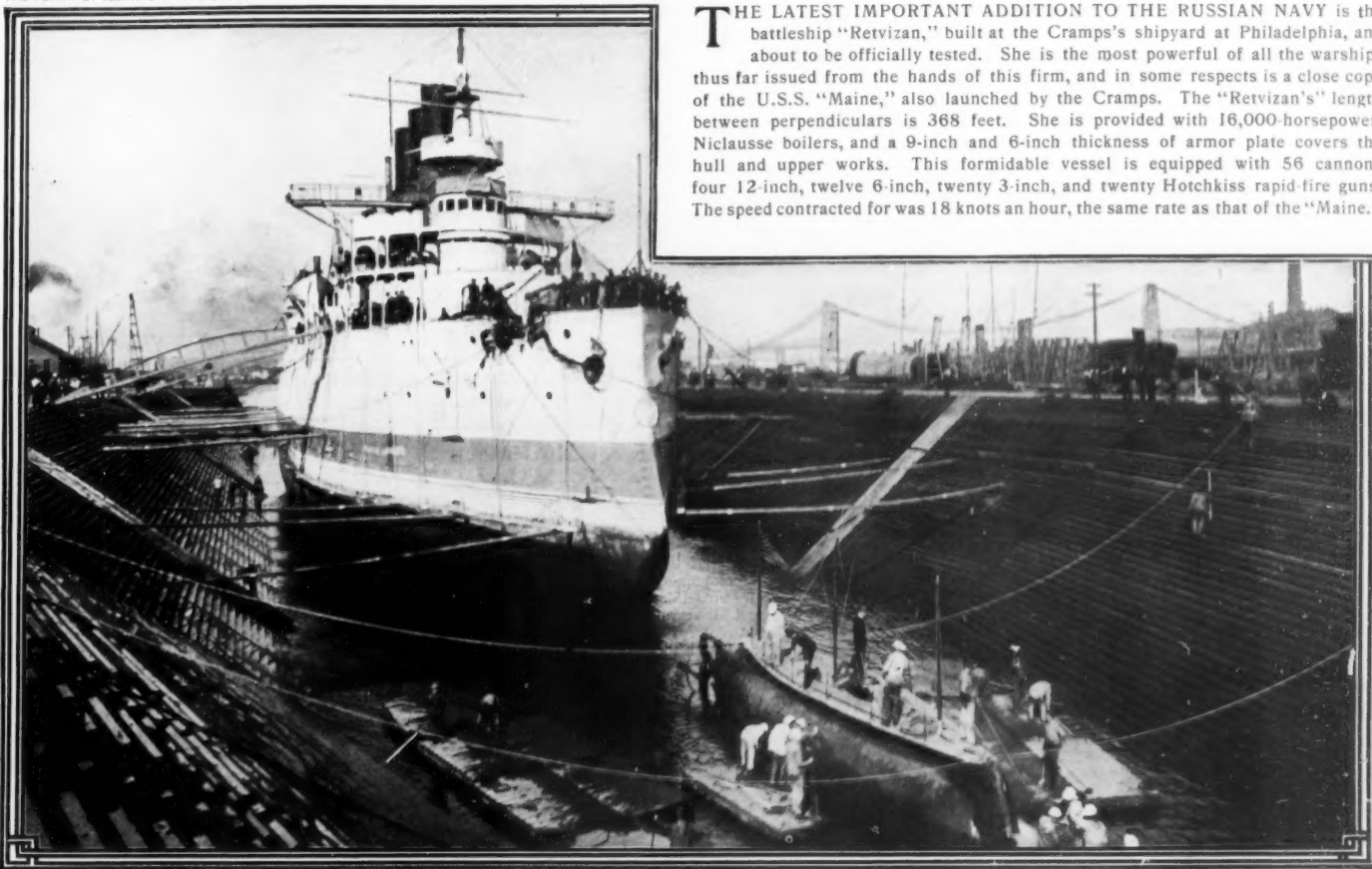
SAILING ROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER

NAVIGATING THE AIR.—This wonderful photograph of M. Santos-Dumont's airship was taken shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, during the last and most sensational attempt of the South American aeronaut to capture the Deutsch prize for circling the Eiffel Tower in an airship. The balloon has just rounded the Tower, and was photographed while moving at a speed of about six miles an hour, at a height of nearly one thousand feet from the ground. M. Santos-Dumont has made several at-

tempts during the past summer to win the Deutsch prize, but on every trial some mishap has occurred to prevent his success. In the first experiments his motor became slightly disordered and the aeronaut was forced to come to earth. It was in the attempt of August 8, however, that the most serious accident occurred. The silk covering of the balloon began to leak and the airship fell, fortunately landing on the roof of a tall building. M. Santos-Dumont on October 19 doubled the Tower from St. Cloud in 30 minutes, 40 seconds.

THE LATEST AMERICAN-BUILT FOREIGN WARSHIP

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGENDRE & LEVICK, N. Y.



THE LATEST IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE RUSSIAN NAVY is the battleship "Retvizan," built at the Cramps's shipyard at Philadelphia, and about to be officially tested. She is the most powerful of all the warships thus far issued from the hands of this firm, and in some respects is a close copy of the U.S.S. "Maine," also launched by the Cramps. The "Retvizan's" length between perpendiculars is 368 feet. She is provided with 16,000-horsepower, Niclausse boilers, and a 9-inch and 6-inch thickness of armor plate covers the hull and upper works. This formidable vessel is equipped with 56 cannon: four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, twenty 3-inch, and twenty Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns. The speed contracted for was 18 knots an hour, the same rate as that of the "Maine."

MEN WANTED IN THE U. S. NAVY

By REAR-ADMIRAL A. S. CROWNINSHIELD, U.S.N., Chief of Bureau of Navigation

THE QUESTION of an increase in the personnel of the Navy is one of serious import; more so than those persons who are unfamiliar with the subject may realize.

The proposal of increasing the personnel of the Navy is based upon three propositions; namely, first, that the Navy should be expanded to an extent to correspond with the general expansion of the country, especially with our interests outside of the continental limits of the United States proper. Second, the increase in the personnel should correspond with an increase of the material. In other words, the number of officers and men in the Navy should bear a proper relation to the number of ships which are being continually added to the Navy. In the matter of ship construction, Congress has been very liberal indeed, and Congress has also been liberal as regards the enlisted force; but in the matter of additional officers the Navy is undoubtedly deficient. Third, in order that any government may have a Navy in time of war, it is necessary that it must have one in time of peace.

THOROUGH INSTRUCTION NECESSARY

While it is always possible to obtain men in sufficient numbers for the enlisted force of the Navy, it must be borne in mind that men to be of any value whatever in a modern ship-of-war require a very thorough course of instruction; even the seamen who are enlisted are at first largely ignorant of the duties required of them. While they may have a fair knowledge of seamanship as acquired in a merchant steamer or sailing ship, they are absolutely ignorant of everything pertaining to the armament of a ship-of-war. They know nothing whatever of the high-powered modern breech-loaded guns, mounted on mechanical carriages, operated by (to them) more or less complicated machinery. They know nothing about the ammunition for these guns, its care and preservation, much less of the actual loading and firing of the guns. Even of the routine of a ship-of-war, they are at first ignorant; and if this is all true of a man who is a seaman (when making his first cruise in the Navy), what can be expected of the landsman? The latter, probably, before his enlistment, may never have seen a ship of any kind, and, beyond having a vague knowledge of what is expected of him, he is absolutely "at sea."

The United States have not a merchant marine of sufficient extent to furnish more than a few men for the service, and as there are practically no others available, it has been necessary during the past two years to fill the quota by the enlistment of landsmen to be trained, first, in seamanship and the "sea habit," and, secondly, in the use of arms—or, in other words, made into modern man-of-war's men.

No easy work, as the reader may imagine, involving many months, even years, of patient and continuous instruction. This all being necessary in order to make our landsman a useful member of the enlisted personnel of the Navy, it must be readily understood that proper instruction can only be carried on successfully in times of peace, when the services of officers and a certain number of trained men are available; in time of war the services of no one can be

spared from the regular force for this work of training men, even if there is opportunity for it. Therefore, it is seen how essential it is that the work of training our personnel should be pursued in peace time; for if the country is to have properly trained men behind its largest guns, when a war may come, the necessary training should be carried on now.

WHY MEN ARE WANTED AT ONCE

Through a proper liberality of Congress, many new cruisers and battleships have been added to the Navy during the past ten years and there are many more in course of construction.

As soon as a vessel is completed she must be commissioned, which means her being put in charge of her officers and crew and in all respect prepared for service. In the case of a battleship or a large cruiser, 400 or 500 men and officers must be provided. Vessels are commissioned as soon as they are completed in order to ascertain if all the requirements of the specifications covering their construction have been complied with. These are speed; power of the machinery; the installation and working of the battery; the ship's equipment, such as the working of the anchors and chains; the boats, steering-gear, compasses, electrical appliances, and many other, almost unnamable, devices now in use in modern ships-of-war. The demands upon the personnel of the Navy are further illustrated by the fact that modern ships, especially battleships and torpedo boats, should always be cared for by keeping a reduced crew on board of them, even when laid up at the Navy Yard and not commissioned for active service. A battleship is of the most complicated construction—too much so to be here described. It is filled with auxiliary engines and labor-saving machines, none of which should be neglected or allowed to deteriorate, but all kept in working order so that they may quickly be put into working condition, and when thus being looked after the ship is said to be in reserve.

Torpedo boats, many of which are supplied to all modern navies, are of especially delicate construction in hull, engines and boilers, and if not constantly cared for by trained men will rapidly go to pieces. A proper knowledge of how to handle as well as to care for torpedo boats requires their being frequently used, which of course means additional officers and men.

SAILORS MUST BE PUT IN TRAINING

In order to carry on the training of the personnel, as already outlined, the services of many officers and many of the Navy's trained petty officers and men are required.

A training ship, no more than any other ship, can be sent to sea with a crew of landsmen alone. She must have a crew of seamen sufficiently large in number to navigate her under all conditions of weather, independent of the men undergoing a course of training. At the present time the following ships of our Navy are being used to train landsmen for seamen: the *Hartford*, *Lancaster*, *Mohican*, *Topeka*, *Buffalo*, *Dixie*, *Alliance*, and the battleship *Indiana*. It is the intention to add to this number, in the near future, the *Panther* and the *Prairie*. The *Alert*, *Essex*, and the *Monongahela* are also being used in the training of naval apprentices.

Our Navy is now in the course of development, but while it is so developing, the personnel should keep pace with the material; in other words, the number of officers and men added to the Navy should be in proportion to the number and size of our new ships. It is certainly a plain business proposition that we should maintain a proper proportion between ships and men, between material and personnel.

The duties of a naval officer are multifarious and never-ending. The properly equipped naval officer, under modern requirements, cannot be improvised; he can only be produced by a long and laborious course of study and training. To have him in time of war we must produce him in time of peace. The trained man-of-war's man is also a necessity, but the trained officer is even more essential. The demand for his services is very great; for not only is he required on board our battleships and cruisers actually in commission, but, as already shown, a large number are employed in carrying on the training of the newly enlisted personnel.

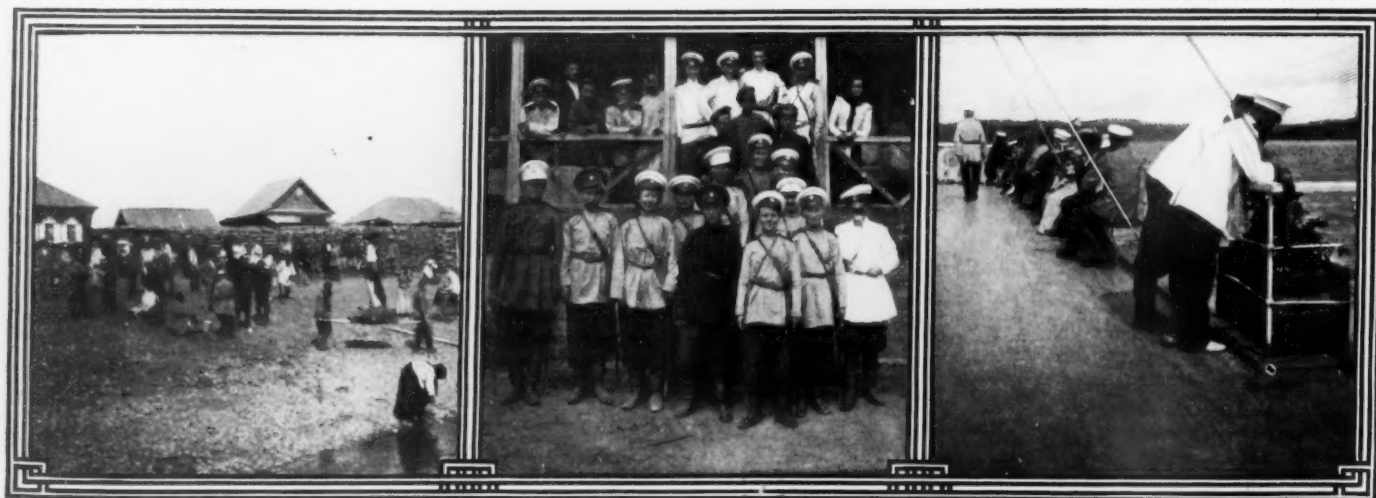
"LAND SAILORS" WANTED, TOO

Besides those officers required for duty on board ship (and there are now, out of the entire list of lieutenants and ensigns, 77 per cent at sea), a very considerable number are required for a proper administration of the several bureaus of the Navy Department, the administration of our Navy Yards and receiving ships, and for the inspection of the ships and their machinery under construction; also for inspection of material for ship and gun construction, for which purpose alone sixty-one officers are now employed; and, finally, at the Naval Academy, where forty-nine officers of the line are now on duty, all engaged in the very necessary service of training, drilling, and disciplining the cadets under instruction.

In so rapid and curtailed review as this it is difficult to fully set forth how important is the demand, from a naval point of view, for an adequate increase in the number of our officers. The enlisted force, as far as mere numbers are concerned, has been liberally provided by Congress; the same may be stated as true as regards the ships; but the addition of officers to our Navy has not been in proportion to either ships or men. That a proper proportion should exist goes without saying. In this respect we have not been consistent; certainly we have not followed the wise and well-considered policy of foreign governments which have recognized the necessity for maintaining a proper balance between ships, men, and officers. To construct, arm, and equip a battleship requires four years' time; to educate, train, and discipline a naval officer of our lowest grade also requires an equal length of time. It should, therefore, be our policy to increase, without delay, the number of cadets at the Naval Academy; for, in order to graduate a larger number we must enter a large number. It is earnestly hoped that Congress, at its coming session, may see its way to this much-to-be-desired end.

It is an interesting fact to compare the action by Congress with regard to any increase which is made in the personnel of the Army with that of the Navy. Whenever any new regiments have been added to the Army, the necessary officers

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)



A SETTLEMENT EVERY FIFTY MILES

COSSACK WOMAN COMPANY, WHO RIDE ASTRIDE AND HAVE ALL
DIPPED THEIR SWORDS IN CHINESE BLOOD

UNIFORMS BLOOMING ON THE STEAMER'S DECK

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—II

By FREDERICK PALMER, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in the East

BY STEAMER TO BLAGOVESHCHENSK

STATUE OF MURAVIEFF
AT KHARBAROVSK

IN THE NAME of all the uniforms that bloom (with boots for their roots) in Kharbarovsk (capital and military headquarters of Eastern Siberia), functions there must be upon the slightest occasion, let alone upon the great one every fifth day during the brief summer season—the river being frozen over about seven and a half months of the year—when the mail steamer departs for Blagoveshchensk. We were favored—which is not unusual in a land of officers—by having for a fellow passenger a general. In this instance, after serving as General Grodekoff's chief of staff, the great man was returning to Russia to the command of a division. When I saw that a carpet had been stretched from the shore down the long series of stairs to the float which serves as a wharf, I hoped for more—a prince, or at least an archbishop—not realizing in my ignorance, perhaps, that they are entitled to a canopy as well.

On the float a guard of honor was drawn up beside a band which played as the general came, with solemn tread, down the carpet—that carpet in Siberia! Afterward, his friends and juniors gathered around him in the saloon and drank his health with cheers for him and his ruler. Meanwhile, uniforms—even those who do not wear uniforms wear boots—were thick on the deck. It is as much in reason that little communities should make much of little events as that great communities should make much of great events. An officer who is returning to the comforts of home after his term of five years in Siberia, glad as he is to go, would feel rather sad if his friends were not present to clink a "stirrup cup" with him.

Barring the official function—a kind of Doge of Venice wedding of the sea whenever any vehicle of transportation departs in Siberia—and barring the kisses between males and gesticulations, the knocking of heels together with clink of spurs, the bowing from the hip, it is much the same thing that happens in our own land.

As the steamer moved out, her great side paddle-wheels slapping the water, the guard of honor, their fustian jackets in a solid line of white, swung their caps and broke out into a hearty good-bye hurrah. Then we turned to wondering if we should reach Blagoveshchensk without running aground; while, a little later, the general appeared again on deck lead-

ing a mongrel which could trace its ancestry on one side to a bull terrier. The dog had not appeared on the carpet, though he looked as if he had seen harder service than his master. Doubtless the general's body servant brought him down by the gangway for the masses. Despite that body servant, who, I am sure, never washed, the general went unshaven for the whole voyage. Like all the officers entitled to, he wears his spurs on the steamer, and may sleep in them, for all I know. He is a solid, phlegmatic person, who chats with a major of engineers at table and then disappears in to his cabin or goes out on deck with his dog and a book, a characteristic which, in the mighty clatter of a foreign tongue, wins my respect. (I should say, indeed, that he ought to command a corps.)

Leaving gossip aside, if you ask me pointedly what traveling on a Siberian river is like I should say, as far as we have gone, that it is simply steamboating on the Missouri. If your curiosity to see Siberia is insatiable, then come. If you seek a pleasure trip, then do not. You can breathe the same air on the St. Lawrence. The accommodations, as good as they were on a Mississippi steamer forty years ago, are better than I had expected. Putting aside the filth and the Russian food, you are fairly comfortable. The steamer is a side-wheeler of the flat-bottomed type of light draught, which originated in America and which you will now find in the navigation of shallow rivers with shifting bottoms the world over; sisters to those on the Amur carry the miners up and down the Yukon in Alaska.

LIFE ON A SIBERIAN STEAMER

On the lower deck which is three feet above the water, the peasants and ex-convicts are herded on a steel floor among the woodpiles. They have neither berths nor wash-basins. They sleep on their bags of clothing and eat pickles and brown bread; men, women and children in a mass of legs and arms, the women barefoot, the men in boots—a white counterpart of the slave traffic between St. Louis and New Orleans "before the war." I am no socialist, but I can never look into their dreary, expressionless faces without wondering that more uniforms do not sit uneasily on the backs of Russian officers; that more men do not break away from tradition and turn the inarticulate complaint of the *monjiks* into intelligent protest.

"But they don't protest," the polite officer will tell you. "They are satisfied. That is best for those who hew and carry." Thus has ever run the feudal argument.

The second deck has the first class forward and the second class astern. A tier of two-berth cabins on either side opens into a saloon with a long table. The only furniture in the room is a table for card-playing and one hook; no towel, sheets, pillow; only the much used coverlet to a hard mattress. A man and a woman servant, hopelessly sloutely,

hopelessly dirty, wait on the twenty first-class passengers. In the morning at six they bring in the *samovar*, which contains a small bucket of water kept hot by a tube filled with burning charcoal. When you are out of bed and dressed you shake hands with everybody in sight, that being as much of a civility as "Good-morning" at home. Then you put a wineglassful of syrupy fluid from a small pot into a glass, add water from the *samovar*, and you have the most delicious tea brewed outside of Russia. From the pile of cakes on the table you may eat as many as you please. This Continental breakfast, with an appetite begat by the morning air, makes one feel how small the world is and how large his stomach is.

At noon time comes the chief meal of the day. Three great pots of greasy soup, highly seasoned with fennel, are placed upon the table, and the person who occupies the most advantageous position for the purpose serves those around him. Every one gets a piece of boiled beef as large as an English mutton-chop with his plateful. You dip your own knife into the salt and pepper-cellars; also into the butter, when there is any at breakfast. After your first meal you are wise enough to allow no piece of cabbage or carrot, which remains at the bottom of the pot, to escape. The second course consists of great slices of meat or cutlets, with perhaps one browned potato to a slice, and either salted or fresh cucumbers. After that may come as dessert some stewed fruit or jelly, before the inevitable glass of tea which takes the place of coffee. At four o'clock, more tea and buns; at eight, supper, consisting of slices of meat and cucumbers with tea, which sends you to bed hungry for vegetables.

A DESERTED LAND

On the fourth day from Kharbarovsk we were between wooded heights, where the big timber has been cut away for firewood, leaving only the small trees standing. For the first three days bend succeeded bend in the broad, muddy stream inclosed by low, wooded hills and stretches of wild grass. For hours you see neither human being nor habitation. Then you notice a single individual, his face as brown as his unkempt beard and his hair shingled in a straight line around the back, surmounted by the invariable Russian cap, with the peasant's blouse, baggy trousers and big boots. He sits on the bank to watch the steamer go by—this grizzled being who is as relatively important to us as the railway switchman. At night we steer by the lamps lighted by him; by day by the white posts which hold them, the bow being always kept dead on to one post as soon as the preceding one is astern. Hour in and hour out, a man stands forward on the starboard side throwing a lead-tipped pole, painted with black and white rings, into the current rolling away from the steamer's side in brownish-tinted foam which takes its color from the soil. When he reaches bottom at eight feet (the steamer draws four and a half), he announces the fact in no uncertain tone.

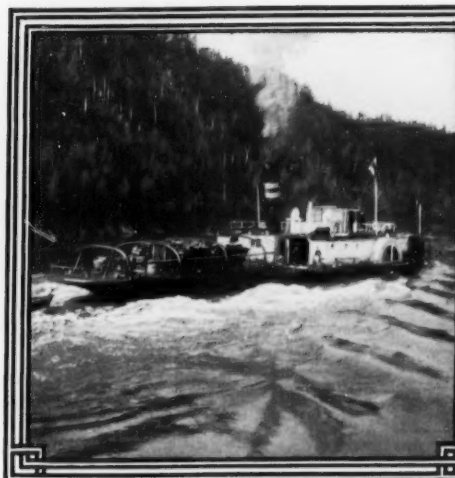


A CHINESE TYPE ON THE RIVER BANK

THE STEERAGE PASSENGERS ON A RIVER STEAMER

SIBERIAN PEASANTS ALONG THE ROUTE

EDITOR'S NOTE—THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE IS THE SECOND OF A SERIES PREPARED BY FREDERICK PALMER, SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," WHO WAS DESPATCHED TO THE ORIENT ON THE FIRST MURMURINGS OF WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN. AFTERWARD MR. PALMER WAS INSTRUCTED TO MAKE THE TOUR OF RUSSIA AND TO WRITE ON RUSSIA'S REAL STRENGTH IN ASIA AS WELL AS OUR STAKES IN MANCHURIA, RUSSO-JAPANESE RIVALRY, ETC. THE FIRST ARTICLE TELLS A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY



A TOWING-STEAMER ON THE SHILKA



BREAD AND CUCUMBERS TO SELL TO PASSENGERS



STEAMER LANDING AT BLAGOVESCHENSK

Occasionally we stopped at woodpiles, with a few log-houses behind them. Not even on such occasions as these did the Russians work fast. There was a welcome half-hour for a walk or a bath in the river, while the barefooted women and girls sold their blueberries and brown bread to the denizens of the lower deck. In five days we passed two villages of more than a hundred souls. In the smaller, a big church towered above the one-storied houses like the skyscrapers of lower Broadway over Castle Garden. Opposite one village were the ruins of a Chinese temple (only the path and the steps up the hillside and a few stones remaining) which the villagers destroyed last summer. (For, all the while one shore was Siberia and the other Manchuria.) It was at this same village that one of the priests of the orthodox church met his fate in the vodka cup ashore and returned to the steamer uproariously drunk—I hope not in celebration of the destruction of the temple at this late day. Blood and iron and vodka make an empire. The garrison of Cossacks who founded another village, running short of food in winter, ate Chinese. This method certainly saves burying the enemy, which is too much like work for the Cossack taste.

YANKEE MACHINERY AT BLAGOVESCHENSK

A traveller's first duty upon his arrival there is to learn how to pronounce Blagoveschensk, which ought to be no harder for us, the Russians say, than Massachusetts, Connecticut, Mississippi, or Schenectady is for them. At once a half-way house of the river journey and the largest town for a distance equal to the breadth of the United States, Blagoveschensk owes its prosperity to the mines to the northward, which yield, under unskilled working of the convicts, ten millions of gold a year. Long before the railway was thought of, while Moscow was three months distant by sledge and wagon, it was a flourishing place. To-day, the reaper and binder is creeping westward in the path of the sluice-box. I saw a dozen American harvesters displayed in the yard of one of the big stores where the bewhiskered settlers might examine them to their hearts' content.

From the approaching steamer, after five days of river travelling, Blagoveschensk seems gigantic. Any preconceived ideas about an ordinary frontier settlement are destroyed in a twinkling. Of course, you expected the churches, but not so many nor so big, nor shops of two stories covering half an acre of ground. With the Russian, the church and the soldier and the droschky for priests and officers go first and trade comes hobbling after, knocking gently at the gate. No city of its size, I am sure, has such a seating capacity for worshippers. No sooner is one great edifice completed than the begging friars go forth for funds for another. Refuse their requests and droschky driver, convict or farmer may make the sign of the cross as often as he passes a steeple—ill luck is sure to attend him. Aside from the churches and stores and hotels, the town is a field of log houses spread out on the river bank in such a way as to give the impression of size.

I was glad that I did not present my letters to General Gribsky, the Governor of Blagoveschensk. If he had asked me to tea, as the custom is, I should have been under the impression that I was drinking blood. Gribsky's name ought to be known in history in America as well as in Russia. The great commander went out calmly to meet the in-

vaders; he slew the Trojan horse before it was within his gates. Those foreigners around Peking and Tientsin who made Russian policy deep instead of transparent and shallow, as it really is, were never wider of the mark than when they supposed that Russia was a party to the eruption in China last summer in order that she might have a better excuse for her occupation of Manchuria. With a hundred thousand men and their full complement of guns and cavalry in the East, prepared, as it was supposed, to meet the Japanese on Manchurian soil, the Boxer outbreak found her niggardly giving six thousand troops to the allied forces at Tientsin and in fear of actual invasion of her Siberian territory across the Amur River by poor, decrepit China, which was fighting all the powers of Europe on her own territory, hundreds of miles to the southward on the Pei-ho. I had been told as much before I came to Siberia, and was sceptical. But now I have heard Russian officers confirm it in their serious references to the "war."

THE GRIBSKY MASSACRE

All the European-trained Chinese regulars ever engaged against the Allies were to a man employed around Tientsin. Four weeks and three days after the bombardment of the Taku forts, in which Russia and the other powers made war in fact upon a government that had not yet officially fired a shot, some Chinese insurgents, with the old brass cannon—those terrible cannon—began bombarding Blagoveschensk. At the time, there were in Blagoveschensk some three thousand Chinese: coolies, stone masons, carpenters, tailors, tradesmen, market gardeners and servants, representing actually the whole of the producing population. Applying themselves with that industry which is the finest trait of the race, they were peaceably earning a livelihood. With the Chinese of the attacking force they could have little more in common than a German-American with the sentiments of some of the Kaiser's speeches. Moreover, so far as I could learn, not one had raised his hand against any Russian, when Gribsky, not waiting on a search for arms—for they had none—proceeded with his great military conception.

He formed a cordon of men around the town, through which no Chinese, regardless of age or sex, was allowed to pass alive. Thus the Cossacks advanced with dripping bayonets and swords. The screams of the women on that day still beat upon the ear-drums of some of the good people of Blagoveschensk. The few Chinese who escaped were saved by the protection of their masters. With the prick of the steel all were driven to the brink of the river and there stabbed to death or shot, unless they rushed out into the water to be drowned; for, like the miserable insurgents who sought to take Blagoveschensk from the other side, they had no boats. Thus perished more than the total of wounded as well as killed of all the allied forces throughout the early fighting to the end of the great German campaigns. Bodies of men, women and children were washed up on the shores and decayed there under the nostrils of the inhabitants; for there were no Chinese coolies to bury them—no one left to do that ignoble thing, to work.

Nor did this white-bearded, pink-faced, venerable-looking old man, who would probably call a doctor if his pet canary were ill, stop here. There is nothing to show that his conscience has ever pricked him. Next, he advanced on a

Chinese village on the Siberian side of the river, which was undefended. He burned it and killed the male inhabitants. Now that he had repressed the enemy in his own dominion, this great defender of the faith crossed the Amur some distance above Blagoveschensk and proceeded against the ragtag army, with the ancient brass cannon which were as fit to resist modern guns as the toy pistols which Santa Claus brings down the chimney.

Then Gribsky pursued the enemy for sixty miles. It is true that he never came in contact with them (if any were left) and that he made only ten miles a day in chase (which is nothing to be proud of). At that distance he took a stronghold; that is, he burned a town of some considerable importance and killed all human beings in sight. Flushed with victory he pressed on, laying waste a swath as broad as his Cossacks could trudge over and carry their loot. Under his orders, not a Chinese building was left standing on the Chinese bank of the Amur. Peasants suffered alike with the insurgent and the robber. The Chinese gold miners and herders met the same fate as the coolies of Blagoveschensk. "We are not in Manchuria to stay," say the Russian diplomats. And to-day the only buildings on the Manchurian banks of the Amur are the big brick barracks to house idle soldiers in the face of an industrious people. Gribsky can see one of them from his Governor's house.

WHY FOOD IS HIGH IN BLAGOVESCHENSK

Wheat has trebled in price; beef has quadrupled in Blagoveschensk. The one hotel in the town cannot get ordinary vegetables for its tables. Naïve uninformed economists express their wonder why the Chinese, when they are needed, do not come back to their lords and masters. It is here that the heathen won a sorry victory. Scarcely a Chinese has returned to the region that Gribsky devastated. If you go further inland and kill more, even Gribsky sees that that will not help matters. In vain he informs them that they will not be molested if they return. They smile back at him with Chinese simplicity, mindful of what has happened to daughters and wives from the Cossack soldiers, and do not budge an inch. A Cossack might kick a coolie—who so unresisting and yet so hard to drive as an Asiatic?—all the way to Blagoveschensk, but even then he could not make him work. So the price of meat and breadstuffs will remain high for a long time to come.

A government which runs railways, sells liquor and makes the land glitter with brass buttons, would certainly resent the assertion that it could not control the unthinking masses. Thitchikoff, the Governor of Vladivostok, showed the folly of such an assumption by his action when the reserves were called to the colors after the outbreak. They began to celebrate, first with vodka and then with slaughter. Thitchikoff posted a notice that any one who molested a peaceful Chinese would be punished with extreme severity. As a result, trade and building proceeded as usual last summer in Vladivostok.

"One of our women is worth three Chinese in battle," say the Cossacks.

A company of Amazons who ride astride with the abandon of their brothers and fathers, claim the honor of having captured one of the ancient cannon and of having bayoneted many heathen. In proof of which they can show you the victims' pigtails.



EMIGRANTS TRAVELLING FROM THE RAILWAY TO THE NEW LAND



EMIGRANTS ONE MEETS ALONG THE WAY



AT A LANDING-PLACE OF THE RIVER STEAMER



KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her stepmother's unfriendliness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine. Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. Meanwhile Pirate Bonnet has

taken and destroyed so many ships that H. M. S. "Badger," Captain Vince, is despatched to capture him. While fitting in Jamaica Captain Vince falls in love with Kate and offers to spare her father for her sake. She spurns his advances, and he sets out on his mission. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. Bonnet scours the Atlantic Coast, but finally puts into Balize, Honduras; there he meets pirate Blackbeard. Kate tells the Governor of Jamaica of Captain Vince's threat, and the Governor sends orders that Bonnet is to be taken alive.

CHAPTER XVIII

"I NEED NO RIGHT—I AM A PIRATE!"



AS HAS BEEN MADE PLAIN, Captain Bonnet of the *Revenge* was a punctilious man when the rules of society were concerned, but that society official, high-toned or piratical. Thus, it was a positive duty in his mind to return Blackbeard's visit on the next day, but until afternoon he was not able to do so on account of the difficulty of getting a sober and decently behaved boat's crew who should row him over.

Black Paul, the sailing-master, had returned to his vessel early in the morning, feeling the necessity of keeping watch over the cargo, but most of the men came over much later, while some of them did not come at all.

Bonnet was greatly inclined to punish with an unwonted severity this breach of rules, but Black Paul assured him that it was always the custom for the crew of a newly arrived vessel to go ashore and have a good time, and that if they were denied this privilege they would be sure to mutiny and he might be left without any crew at all. Bonnet grumbled and swore, but, as he was aware that there were several things concerning a nautical life with which he was not familiar he determined to let pass this trespass.

Dressed in his finest clothes, and even better than the day before, he was followed into the boat by Ben Greenway, who vowed that his captain should never travel without his chaplain, who, if his words were considered, would be the most valuable officer on the vessel.

"Come, then, Greenway," said Bonnet, "you have troubled me so much on my own vessel that now, perchance, you may be able to do me some service on that of another. Anyway, I should like to have at least one decent person in my train, who, as you come not, will be wholly missing; an' Dickory may come, too, if he like it."

But Dickory did not like it. He hated the big, black pirate and cared not if he should never see him again, so he stayed behind.

When Bonnet mounted to the deck of Blackbeard's vessel he found there a very different pirate captain from the one who had called upon him the day before. There were no tails to the great black beard, there were few pistols visible, and Captain Bonnet's host received him with a certain salt-soaked, sunbrowned, hairy and brawny hospitality which did not sit badly upon him. There was meat, there was drink, and then the two captains and Greenway walked gravely over the vessel, followed by a hundred eyes, and before long by many a coarse and jeering laugh which Bonnet supposed were directed at sturdy Ben Greenway, deeming it quite natural, though improper, that the derision of these rough fellows should be excited by the appearance among them of a prim and sedate Scotch Presbyterian.

But that crew of miscreants had all heard of the derisive title which had been given to Bonnet, and now they saw without the slightest difficulty how little he knew of the various nautical points to which Blackbeard continually called his attention.

The vessel was dirty, it was ill-appointed, there was an air of reckless disorder which showed itself everywhere. But apart from his evident distaste for dirt and griminess, the captain of the *Revenge* seemed to be very well satisfied with everything he saw. When he passed a small gun pointed across the deck, and with a nightcap hung upon a capstan bar thrust into its muzzle, there was such a great laugh that Bonnet looked around to see what the imprudent Greenway might be doing.

Many were the nautical points to which Blackbeard called his guest's attention, and many the questions the grim pirate asked, but in almost all cases of the kind the tall gentleman

with the cocked hat replied that he generally left those things to his sailing-master, being so much occupied with matters of more import.

Although he found no fault and made no criticisms, Bonnet was very much disgusted. Such a disorderly vessel, such an apparently lawless crew excited his most severe mental strictures; and although the great Blackbeard was to-day a very well-behaved person, Bonnet could not understand how a famous and successful captain should permit his vessel and his crew to get into such an unseamanlike and disgraceful condition. On board the *Revenge*, as his sailing master had remarked, there was the neatness of his kitchen and his storerooms, and although he did not always know what to do with the nautical appliances which surrounded him he knew how to make them look in good order. But he made few remarks, favorable or otherwise, and held himself loftier than before, with an air as if he might have been an admiral entire instead of resembling one only in clothes; and with ceremonious and even condescending politeness, followed his host wherever he was led, above decks or below.

Ben Greenway had gone with his master about the ship with much of the air of one who accompanies a good friend to the place of execution. Regardless of jibes or insults, whether they were directed at Bonnet or himself, he turned his face neither to the right nor to the left, and, apparently, regarded nothing that he heard. But while endeavoring to listen as little as possible to what was going on around him, he heard a great deal; but strange to say, the railing and scurrility of the pirates did not appear to have a depressing influence upon his mind. In fact, he seemed in somewhat better spirits than when he came on board.

"Whatever he may do, whatever he may say, and whatever he may swear," said the Scotchman to himself, "he is not like one of these. Try as he may, he cannot descend so low into the blackness of evil as these sons of perdition. Although he has done evil beyond a poor mortal's computation, he walks like a king among them. Even that Blackbeard, striving to be decent for an hour or two, knows a superior when he meets him."

When they had finished the tour of the vessel, Blackbeard conducted his guest to his own cabin and invited him to be seated by a little table. Bonnet sat down, placing his high plumecocked hat upon the bench beside him. He did not want anything more to eat or to drink, and he was, in fact, quite ready to take his leave. The vessel had not pleased him and had given him an idea of the true pirate's life which he had never had before. On the *Revenge* he mingled little with the crew, scarcely ever below decks, and his own quarters were as neat and commodious as if they were on a fine vessel carrying distinguished passengers. Dirt and disorder, if they existed, were, at least, not visible to him.

But although he had no desire ever to make another visit to the ship of the great Blackbeard, he would remember his position and be polite and considerate now that he was here. Moreover, the savage desperado of the day before, dressed like a monkey and howling like an Indian, seemed now to be endeavoring to soften himself a little and to lay aside some of his savage eccentricities in honor of the captain of that fine ship, the *Revenge*. So, clothed in a calm dignity, Bonnet waited to hear what his host had further to say.

Blackbeard seated himself on the other side of the table, on which he rested his massive arms; behind him Ben Greenway stood in the doorway. For a few moments Blackbeard sat and gazed at Bonnet, and then he said: "Look ye, you Stede Bonnet, do you know you are now as much out of place as a red herring would be at the top of the mainmast?"

Bonnet flushed. "I fear, Captain Blackbeard," he said, "I very much fear me that you are right; this is no place for me. I have paid my respects to you and now, if you please, I will take my leave. I have not been gratified by the conduct of your crew, but I did not expect that their captain would address me in such discourteous words." And with this he reached out his hand for his hat.

Blackbeard brought down his hand heavily upon the table. "Sit where you are!" he exclaimed; "I have that to say to

you which you shall hear whether you like my vessel, my crew, or me. You are no sailor, Stede Bonnet of Bridgetown, and you don't belong to the free companions who are all good men and true and can sail the ships they command. You are a defrauder and a cheat, you are nothing but a landsman, a plowtail sugar planter!"

At this insult, Bonnet rose to his feet and his hand went to his sword.

"Sit down!" roared Blackbeard; "an' you not listen to me I'll cut off this parley and your head together. Sit down, sir!"

Bonnet sat down, pale now and trembling with rage. He was not a coward, but on board this ship he must give heed to the words of the desperado who commanded it.

"You have no right," continued Blackbeard, "to strut about on the quarter-deck of that fine vessel, the *Revenge*; you have no right to hoist above you the 'Jolly Roger,' and you have no right to lie right and left and tell people you are a pirate. A pirate, forsooth! You are no pirate. A pirate is a sailor, and you are no sailor! You are no better than a blind man led by a dog—if the dog breaks away from him he is lost; and if the sailing masters you pick up one after another break away from you, you are lost. It is a cursed shame, Stede Bonnet, and it shall be no longer. At this moment, by my own right, and for the sake of every man who sails under the 'Jolly Roger,' I take away from you the command of the *Revenge*."

Now Bonnet could not refrain from springing to his feet. "Take from me the *Revenge*!" he cried; "my own vessel, bought with my own money! And how say you I am not a pirate? From Massachusetts down the coast into these very waters I have preyed upon commerce; I have taken prizes; I have burned ships; I have made my name a terror." Now his voice grew stronger and his tones more angry. "Not a pirate!" he cried. "Go ask the galleons and the merchantmen I have stripped and burned; go ask their crews, now wandering in misery upon desert shores, if they be not already dead. And by what right, I ask, do you come to such a one as I am and declare that, having put him in the position of a prisoner on your ship, you will take away my own?"

Blackbeard gazed at him with half-closed eyes, a malicious smile upon his face. "I have no right," he said; "I need no right—I am a pirate!"

At these words, Bonnet's legs weakened under him and he sunk down upon the bench. As he did so he glanced at Ben Greenway as if he were the only person on earth to whom he could look for help; but, to his amazement, he saw before him a face almost jubilant, and beheld the Scotchman, his eyes uplifted and his hands clasped as if in thankful prayer.

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW FIRST LIEUTENANT



WHEN THE BOAT of the *Revenge* was pulled back to that vessel, Bonnet did not go in it. It was Blackbeard who sat in the stern and held the tiller while one of his own men sat by him.

When Blackbeard stepped on deck he announced, much to the delight of the crew and the consternation of Paul Bittern, that the *Revenge* now belonged to him, and that all the crew who were fit to be kept on board such a fine vessel would be retained and that he, himself, for the present at least, would take command of the ship, would haul down that brand-new bit of woman's work at the masthead and fly in its place his own black, ragged "Jolly Roger," dreaded wherever seen upon the sea. At this a shout went up from the crew; the heart of every scoundrel among them swelled

with joy at the idea of sailing, fighting and pillaging under the bloody Blackbeard.

But the sailing-master stood aghast. He had known very well what was going to happen; he had talked it all over in the town with Blackbeard; he had drunk, in fiery brandy, to the success of the scheme, and he had believed without a doubt that he was to command the *Revenge* when Bonnet should be deposed. And now, where was he? Where did he stand?

Trembling a little, he approached Blackbeard. "And as for me," he asked, "am I to command your old vessel?"

"You!" roared Blackbeard, making as if he would jump upon him; "you! You may fall to and bend your back with the others in the fore-castle, or you can jump overboard if you like. My quartermaster, Richards, now commands my old vessel. Presently I shall go over and settle things on that bark. But, first, I shall step down into the cabin and see what rare good things Sir Nightcap, the sugarplanter, has prepared for me." With this he went below, followed by the man he had brought with him.

It was Dickory, half dazed by what he had heard, who now stepped up to Paul Bittern. The latter, his countenance blacker than it had ever been before, first scowled at him, but in a moment the ferocity left his glance.

"Oho!" he said, "here's a pretty pickle for me and you, as well as for Bonnet and the Scotchman!"

"Do you suppose," exclaimed Dickory, "that what he says is true? That he has stolen this ship from Major Bonnet and that he has taken it for his own?"

"Suppose!" sneered the other; "I know it. He has stolen

he got on very well and so may you; and now, remember, your head shall pay for it if everything is not the same when I come back as it is now."

Thereupon this man of piratical business was rowed to the bark; quite satisfied that he left behind him no one who would have the power to tamper with his interests. He knew the crew, having bound most of them to him on the previous night, and he trusted every one of them to obey the man he had set over them and no other. As Dickory would have no orders to give, there would be no need of obedience and Black Paul would have no chance to interfere with anything.

When Bonnet had been left by Blackbeard, who, having said all he had to say, hurried up the companionway to attend to the rest of his plans, the stately naval officer who had so recently occupied the bench by the table shrunk into a frightened farmer gazing blankly at Ben Greenway.

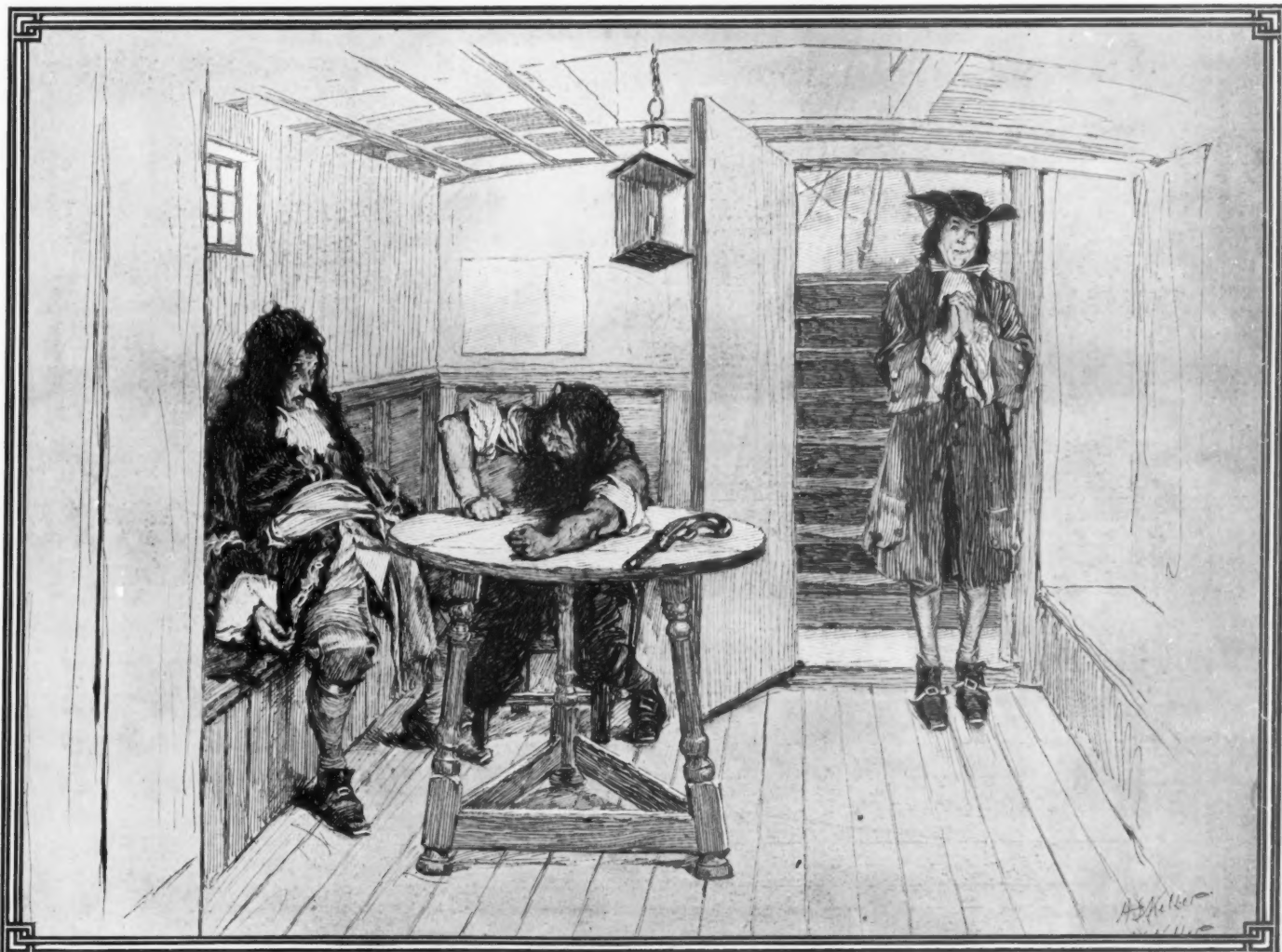
"Think you, Ben," he said, in half a voice, "that this is one of that man's jokes? I have heard that he has a fearful taste for horrid jokes."

The Scotchman shook his head. "Joke, Master Bonnet!" he exclaimed, "it is no joke. He has taken your ship from ye; he has taken from ye your sword, your pistols and your wicked black flag, and he has made evil impossible to ye; he has taken from ye the shame and the wretched wickedness of being a pirate. Think of that, Master Bonnet—ye are no longer a pirate. That most devilish of all devils has preserved the rest of your life from the dishonor and the infamy which you were laboring to heap upon it. Ye are a poor man

the happiest man on the Caribbean Sea. He seated himself in the little dirty cabin and his soul saw visions. He saw his master deprived of all his belongings, and with them of every taint of piracy, and put on shore, accompanied, of course, by his faithful servant; he saw a ship sail, perhaps soon, perhaps later, for Jamaica; he saw the blithe Mistress Kate, her soul no longer sorrowing for an erring father, come on board the vessel and sail with them for the good old Bridgetown; he saw everything explained, everything forgotten; he saw before the dear old family a life of happiness—perhaps he saw the funeral of Madam Bonnet—and, better than all, he saw the pirate dead, the good man revived again. To be sure, he did not see Dickory Charter returning to his old home with his mother, for he could not know what Blackbeard was going to do with that young fellow, but as Dickory had thought of him when he had escaped with Kate from the *Revenge*, so thought he now of Dickory. There were so many other more important things which bore upon the situation that he was not able even to consider the young fellow.

It did not take very long for a man of practical devilishness such as Blackbeard was to finish the business which had called him away, and he soon reappeared in the cabin.

"Ho, there! good Sir Nightcap—an I may freely call you that since now I own you, uniform, cocked hat, title and everything else—don't cry yourself to sleep like a baby when its toys are taken away from it, but wake up! I have a bit of liking for you, and I believe that that is because you are clean. Not having that virtue myself, I admire it the more in others, and I thank you from my inmost soul—wherever that may be



"I HAVE NO RIGHT," HE SAID; "I NEED NO RIGHT—I AM A PIRATE!"

from me as well as from Bonnet. I should have commanded this ship and I had made all my plans to do it when I got here."

"Then you are as great a rascal," said Dickory, "as that vile pirate down below."

"Just as great," said Bittern; "the only difference being that he has won everything while I have lost everything."

"What are we to do?" asked Dickory. "I cannot stay here, and I am sure you will not want to. Now, while he is below, can we not slip overboard and swim ashore? I am sure I could do it."

Black Paul grinned grimly. "But where should we swim to?" he said. "On the coast of Honduras there is no safety for a man who flees from Blackbeard. But keep your tongue close, he is coming."

The moment Blackbeard put his foot upon the deck he began to roar out his general orders.

"I go over to the bark," he said, "and shall put my mate here in charge of her. After that, I go to my own vessel, and when I have settled matters there I will return to this fine ship, where I shall strut about the quarterdeck and live like a prince at sea. Now look ye, youngster, what is your name?"

"Charter," replied Dickory grimly.

"Well, then Charter," the pirate continued, "I shall leave you here in charge of this vessel until I come back, which will be before dark."

"Me!" exclaimed Dickory in amazement.

"Yes, you," said the pirate; "I am sure you don't know anything about a ship any more than your master did, but

now, Master Bonnet. That Beelzebub will strip from you everything you had; all your riches shall be his. Ye can no longer afford to be a pirate, ye will be compelled to be an honest man; and I tell ye that my soul lieth itself in thanksgiving and my heart is happier than it has been since that fearsome day when ye went on board your vessel in the river at Bridgetown."

"Ben," said Bonnet, "it is hard and it is cruel, that in this, the time of my great trouble, you turn upon me. I have been robbed, I have been ruined, my life is of no more use to me, and you, Ben Greenway, revile me while that I am prostrate."

"Revile!" cried the Scotchman; "I glory, I rejoice; ye have been converted, ye have been changed, ye have been snatched from the jaws of hell. Moreover, Master Bonnet, my soul was rejoiced even before that Blackbeard came to set ye free from your toils. To look upon ye and see that, although ye called yourself a pirate, ye were not like one of these black hearted cut-throats. Ye were never as wicked, Master Bonnet, as ye said ye were."

"You were mistaken," groaned Bonnet, "I tell you, Ben Greenway, you are mistaken—I am just as wicked as I ever was; and I was very wicked, as you should admit, knowing what I have done. Oh, Ben, Ben! is it true that I shall never go on board my good ship again?"

And with this he spread his arms upon the table and laid his head upon them; he felt as if his career was ended and his heart was broken. Ben Greenway said no more to comfort his old master, but, at that moment, he himself was

—for having provided such comely quarters and such fair accommodations for me while I shall please to sail the *Revenge*. But I shall not condemn you to idleness and cankering thoughts, my bold blusterer, my terror of the sea, my harrier of the coast, my flaunter of the 'Jolly Roger' washed clean in the tub with soap; I shall give you work to do which shall better suit you than the troublesome trade ye've been trying to learn. You write well, and read, I know that, my good Sir Nightcap; and, moreover, you are a fair hand at figures. I have great work before me in landing and selling the fine cargoes you have brought me, and in counting and dividing the treasure you have locked in your iron-bound chests; and you shall attend to all that, my reformed cut-throat, my regenerated sea-robber. You shall have a room of your own, where you can take off that brave uniform, and where you can do your work and keep your accounts, and so shall be happier than you ever were before, feeling that you are in your right place."

To all this Stede Bonnet did not answer a word; he did not even raise his head.

"And now for you, my chaplain," said Blackbeard, suddenly turning toward Ben Greenway, "what would you like? Would it suit you better to go overboard, or to conduct prayers for my pious crew?"

"I would stay with my master," said the Scotchman quietly.

The pirate looked steadily at Greenway. "Oho!" said he, "you are a sturdy fellow and have a mind to speak from. Being so stiff yourself, you may be able to stiffen a little this rag of a master of yours and help him to understand the work





DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

SMUGGLERS ATTACKED BY MEXICAN CUSTOMS GUARDS

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF SMUGGLING BY WATER AND LAND, FROM THE GULF TO THE PACIFIC, INTO OLD MEXICO, AND HER CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS OFTEN HAVE SAVAGE FIGHTS WITH THE "SNEAK THIEVES" WHEN THEY RUN THEM DOWN. THE SEVERITY OF THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT IN DEALING WITH OUTLAWS IMPELS THE WRONG-DOERS TO OFFER RESISTANCE TO THE DEATH, AND FATAL ENCOUNTERS ARE NOT UNCOMMON ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, THE DIVIDING RIVER BETWEEN OLD MEXICO AND "THE STATES"

KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

he has to do—which he will bravely do, I ween, when he finds that to be my clerk is his career. Ha! ha! Sir Nightcap, the pirate of the pen and ink!”

Deeply sunk those words into Stede Bonnet's heart, but he made no sign.

When Blackbeard went back to the *Revenge* he took with him all of his own effects which he cared for, and he also took the ex-pirate's uniform, cocked hat and sword. “I may have use for them,” he said, “and my clerk can wear common clothes like common people.”

When her new commander reached the *Revenge*, Dickory immediately approached him and earnestly besought him that he might be sent to join Mr. Bonnet and Ben Greenway. “They are my friends,” said Dickory, and I have none here, and I have brought a message to Mr. Bonnet from his daughter and it is urgently necessary that I return with one from him to her. I must instantly endeavor to find a ship which is bound for Jamaica and sail upon her. I have nothing to do with this ship, having come on board of her simply to carry my message, and it behooves me that I return quickly to those who sent me, else injury may come of it.”

“I like your speech, my boy, I like your speech!” cried Blackbeard, and he roared out a big laugh. “‘Urgently necessary’ you must do this, you must do that. It is so long since I have heard such words that they come to me like wine from a cool vault.”

At this Dickory flushed hot but he shut his mouth hard. “You are a brave fellow,” cried Blackbeard, “and above the common—you are above the common! There is that in your eye that could never be seen in the eye of a sugar planter. You will make a good pirate.”

“Pirate!” cried Dickory, losing all sense of prudence. “I would sooner be a wild beast in the forest than to be a pirate!”

Blackbeard laughed loudly. “A good fellow, a brave fellow!” he cried. “No man who has not the soul of a pirate within him could stand on his legs and speak those words to me. Sail to Jamaica to carry messages to girls? Never! You shall stay with me, you shall be a pirate. You shall be the head of all the pirates when I give up the business and take to sugar planting. Ha! ha! when I take to sugar planting and merrily make my own good rum!”

Dickory was dismayed. “But, Captain Blackbeard,” he said, with more deference than before, “I cannot.”

“Cannot!” shouted the pirate; “you be, you can. Say not cannot to me; you can do anything I tell you, and do it you shall; and now I am going to put you in your place and see that you hold it and fill it. And if you please me not you carry no more messages in this world, nor receive them. Charter, I now make you the first officer of the *Revenge* under me. You cannot be mate because you know nothing of sailing a ship; and, besides, no mate nor any quartermaster is worthy to array himself as I shall array you. I make you first lieutenant, and you shall wear the uniform and the cocked hat which Sir Nightcap hath no further use for.”

With that he went forward to speak to some of the men, leaving Dickory standing speechless with the expression of an infuriated idiot. Black Paul stepped up to him.

“How now, youngster,” said the ex-sailing-master—“first officer, eh? If you look sharp you may find yourself in fine feather.”

“No, I will not,” answered Dickory; “I will have nothing to do with this black pirate, I will not serve under him, I will not take charge of anything for him. I am ashamed to talk with him, to be on the same ship with him. I serve good people, the best and noblest in the world, and I will not enter any service under him.”

“Hold ye, hold ye!” said Black Paul, “you will not serve the good people you speak of by going overboard with a bullet in your head; think of that, youngster. It is a poor way of helping your friends, by quitting the world and leaving them in the lurch.”

At this moment Blackbeard returned, and when he saw Buttern he roared at him: “Out of that, you sea cat! and if I see you again speaking to my lieutenant I’ll slash yer ears for you. In the next boat which leaves this ship I shall send you to one of the others; I will have no sneaking schemer on board the *Revenge*. Get yer for’ard, get yer for’ard, or I shall help you with my cutlass!”

And the man who had safely brought two good ships, richly laden, into the harbor of Balize, and who had given Blackbeard the information which made him understand the character of Captain Bonnet and how easy it would be to take possession of his person and his vessels, and who had done everything in his power to enable the black-hearted pirate to secure to himself Bonnet's property and crews, and who had only asked in return an actual command where before he had commanded in fact though not in name, fled away from the false confederate to whom he had just given wealth and increased prestige.

The last words of the unfortunate Bittern sunk quickly and deeply into the heart of Dickory. If he should really go overboard with a bullet in his brain, farewell to Kate Bonnet, farewell to his mother! He was yet a very young man, and it had been but a little while since he had been wandering barefooted over the ships at Bridgetown selling the fruit of his mother's little farm. Since that he had loved and lived so long that he could not calculate the period, and now he was a man and stood trembling at the point where he was to decide to begin life as a pirate or end everything. Before Blackbeard had turned his lowering visage from his retreating benefactor, Dickory had decided that, whatever might happen, he would not of his own free will leave life and fair Kate Bonnet.

“And so you are to be my first lieutenant,” said Blackbeard, his face relaxing; “I am glad of that! There was nothing needed on this ship but a decent man. I have put one on my old vessel, and if there were another to be found in the Bay of Honduras, I’d clap him on that goodly bark. Now, sir, down to your berth and don your naval finery. You’re always to wear it; you’re not fit to wear the clothes of a real sailor, and I have no landsman's toggery on this ship.”

Dickory bowed—he could not speak—and went below. When next he appeared on deck he wore the late Captain Bonnet's uniform and the tall plumed hat.

“It is for Kate's sweet sake,” he said to himself as he mounted the companionway; “for her sake I’d wear anything, I’d do anything if only I may see her again.”

When the new first lieutenant showed himself upon the quarterdeck there was a general howl from the crew, and peal after peal of derisive laughter rent the air.

Then Blackbeard stepped quietly forward and ordered eight of the jeerers to be strung up and flogged.

“I would like you all to remember,” said the master pirate, “that when I appoint an officer on this ship there is to be no sneering at him nor any want of respect, and it strikes me that I shall not have to say anything more on the subject—to this precious crew, at any rate.”

The next day lively times began on board the two rich prizes which the pirate Blackbeard had lately taken. There had been scarcely more hard work and excitement, cursing and swearing when the rich freight had been taken from the merchantman which had originally carried it. Poor Bonnet's pen worked hard at lists and calculations, for Blackbeard was a practical man and not disposed to loose and liberal dealings with either his men or the trade folk ashore.

At times the troubled and harassed mind of the former captain of the *Revenge* would have given way under the strain had not Ben Greenway stayed bravely by him; who, although a very slow accountant, was sure, and a great help to one who, in these times of hurry and flurry, was extremely rapid and equally uncertain. Blackbeard was everywhere anxious to complete the unloading and disposal of his goods before the weather changed; but, wherever he went, he remembered that upon the quarter-deck of his fine new ship, the *Revenge*, there was one who, knowing nothing of nautical matters, was above all suspicion of nautical interferences, and who, although having no authority, represented the most powerful nautical commander in all those seas.

CHAPTER XX

ONE NORTH, ONE SOUTH, BUT BOTH UPON THE SAME WIND



IF OUR DEAR KATE BONNET had really imagined in her inexperienced mind that it would be a matter of days, and perhaps weeks, to procure a vessel in which she, with her uncle and good Dame Charter, could sail forth to save her father, she was wonderfully mistaken. Not a free-footed vessel of any class came into the harbor of Kingston. Sloops and barks and ships in general arrived and departed, but they were all bound by one contract or another, and were not free to sail away here and there, for a short time or a long time, at the word of a maiden's will. Mr. Delaplaine was a rich man, but he was a prudent one, and he had not the money to waste in wild rewards, even if there had been an opportunity for him to offer them. Kate was discontented, disappointed and greatly downcast.

The vengeful *Budger* was scouring the seas in search of her father, commissioned to destroy him and eager, in his hot passion, to do it; and here was she with a respite for that father if only she were able to carry it.

Day after day Kate waited for news of a craft; not only one which might bring Dickory back, but one which might carry her away.

The optimism of Dame Charter would not now bear her up; the load which had been put upon it was too big. Everything about her was melancholy and depressed, and Dickory had not come back. So many things had happened since he went away, and so many days had passed, and she had entirely exhausted her plentiful stock of very good reasons why her son had not been able to return to her.

The Governor was very kind; frequently he came to the Delaplaine mansion, and always he brought assurances that, although he had not heard anything from Captain Vince, there was every reason to suppose that before long he would find some way to send him his commands that Captain Bonnet should not be injured but should be brought back safely to Jamaica.

“And then Kate would say, with tears in her eyes: ‘But, your Excellency, we cannot wait for that; we must go, we must deliver ourselves, your message to the captain of the *Budger*. Who else will do it? And we cannot trust to chance; while we are trusting and hoping my father may die.’”

At such moments Mr. Delaplaine would sometimes say in his heart, not daring to breathe such thoughts aloud, “And what could be better than that he should die and be done with it? He is a thorn in the side of the young, the good and the beautiful, and as long as he lives that thorn will rankle.”

Moreover, not only did the good merchant harbor such a wicked thought, but Dame Charter thought something of the very same kind, though differently expressed. If he had never been born, she would say to herself, how much better it would have been; but then the thought would come crowding in—how bad that would have been for Dickory and for the plans she was making for him.

In the midst of all this uncertainty, this anxiety, this foreboding, almost this despair, there came a sunburst which lighted up the souls of these three good people, which made their eyes sparkle and their hearts swell with thankfulness. This happiness came in the shape of a letter from Martin Newcombe.

The letter was a long one and told many things. The first part of it Kate read to herself, and kept to herself, for in burning words it assured her that he loved her and would always love her, and that no misfortune of her own nor wrongdoings of others could prevent him from offering her his most ardent and unchangeable affection. Moreover, he begged and implored her to accept that affection, to accept it now that it might be long to her forever. “Happiness,” he said, “seemed opening before her.” He implored her to allow him to share that happiness with her. The rest of the letter was read most jubilantly

aloud. It told of news which had come to Newcombe from Honduras Bay—great news, wonderful news, which would make the heart sing. Major Bonnet was at Balize. He had given up all connection with piracy and was now engaged in mercantile pursuits. This was positively true, for the person who had sent the news to Bridgetown had seen Major Bonnet and had talked to him and had been informed by him that he had given up his ship and was now an accountant and commission agent doing business at that place.

The sender of this great news also stated that Ben Greenway was with Major Bonnet working as his assistant, and—here Dame Charter sat open-mouthed and her heart nearly stopped beating—young Dickory Charter had also been in the port and had gone away, but was expected ere long to return.

Kate stood on her tiptoes and waved the letter over her head.

“To Balize, my dear uncle, to Balize! If we cannot get there any other way we must go in a boat with oars. We must fly, we must not wait. Perhaps he is seeking in disguise to escape the vengeance of the wicked Vince; but that matters not; we know where he is, we must fly, uncle, we must fly!”

The opportunities for figurative flying were not wanting. There were no vessels in the port which might be engaged for an indeterminate voyage in pursuit of a British man-of-war, but there was a goodly sloop about to sail in ballast for Balize. Before sunset three passages were engaged upon this sloop.

Kate sat long into the night, her letter in her hand. Here was a lover who loved her. A lover who had just sent to her not only love, but life. A lover who had no intention of leaving her because of her overshadowing sorrow, but who had lifted that sorrow and had come to her again. Ay, more; she knew that if the sorrow had not been lifted, he would have come to her again.

The Governor of Jamaica was a man of hearty sympathies, and these worked so strongly in him that when Kate and her uncle came to bring him the good news he kissed her and vowed that he had not heard anything so cheering for many a year.

“I have been greatly afraid of that Vince,” he said. “Although I did not mention it, I have been greatly afraid of him; he is a terrible fellow when he is crossed, and so hot-headed that it is easy to cross him. There were so many chances of his catching your father, and so few chances of my orders catching him. But it is all right now, you will be able to reach your father before Vince can possibly get to him, even should he be able to do him injury in his present position. Your father, my dear, must have been as mad as a March hare to embark upon a career of a pirate when all the time his heart was really turned to ways of peace—to planting, to mercantile pursuits, to domestic joys.” (The Governor had never heard of Madam Bonnet.)

Here, now, was to be a voyage of conquest. No matter what his plans were; no matter what he said; no matter what he might lose, or how he might suffer by being taken into captivity and being carried away, Major Stede Bonnet, late of Bridgetown and, still later, connected with some erratic voyages upon the high seas, was to be taken prisoner by his daughter and carried away to Spanish Town, where the actions of his disordered mind were to be condoned and where he would be safe from all vengeful Vincés and from all temptations of the haunting skull and bones.

It was a bright morning when, with a fair wind upon her starboard bow, the sloop *Belinda*, bearing the jubilant three, sailed southward on her course to the coast of Honduras; and it was upon the same morning that the good ship *Revenge*, bearing the pirate Blackbeard and his handsomely uniformed lieutenant, sailed northward, the same fair wind upon her port bow.

CHAPTER XXI

A PROJECTED MARRIAGE



STRANGE AS IT MAY APPEAR, Dickory Charter was not a very unhappy young fellow as he stood in his fine uniform on the quarter-deck of the *Revenge*, the fresh breeze ruffling his brown curls when he lifted his heavy cocked hat.

True, he was leaving behind him his friends, Major Bonnet and Ben Greenway, with whom the wayward Blackbeard would allow no word of leave-taking; true, Dickory was going, he knew not where, and in the power of a man noted the New World over for his savage eccentricities; and true, he might soon be sailing hour by hour further and further away from the island on which dwelt the angel Kate—that angel Kate and his mother. But none of these considerations could keep down the glad feeling that he was going, that he was moving. Moreover, in answer to one of his impassioned appeals to be set ashore at Jamaica, Blackbeard had said to him that if he should get tired of him he did not see, at that moment, any reason why he should not put him on board some convenient vessel and let him land at Kingston.

Dickory did not believe very much in the black-bearded pirate with his wild tricks and inhuman high spirits; but Jamaica lay to the east and he was going eastward. Incited, perhaps, by the possession of a fine ship, manned by a crew picked from his old vessel and from the men who had formed the crew of the *Revenge*, Blackbeard was in better spirits than was his wont, and so far as his nature would allow he treated Dickory with fair good-humor. But no matter what happened, his unrestrained imagination never failed him. Having taken the fancy to see Dickory always in full uniform, he allowed him to assume no other clothes; he was always in naval full-dress and cocked hat, and his duties were those of a private secretary.

“The only shrewd thing I ever knew your Sir Nightcap to do,” he said, “was to tell me you could not read nor write.”

The New Natural History—No. 6

By OLIVER HERFORD



A Camel

THE CAMEL

THE CAMEL may be likened to
A DESERT SHIP—(THIS IS
NOT NEW).
He is a DANGEROUS looking
CRAFT
With FROWNING TURRETS, FORE
and AFT;
A CARGO of no little bulk
He carries, too, on his great HULK.
We little realize on EARTH

How much we owe to his great
GIRTH.
But should he ever SHRINK so
SMALL
As through the needle's EYE to
CRAWL,
Rich men might CLIMB the GOLDEN
STAIRS
And so leave NOTHING to their
HEIRS.

He spoke so glibly that I believed him. Had it not been so I should have sent you to the town to help with the shore end of my affairs, and then you would have been there still and I should have had no admiral to write my log and straighten my accounts."

Sometimes when in his quieter moods, when there was no provocation to send pistol balls between two sailors quietly conversing, or to perform some other demonic trick, Blackbeard would talk to Dickory and ask all manner of questions, some of which the young man answered, while some he tried not to answer. Thus it was that the pirate found out a great deal more about Dickory's life, hope and sorrows than the young fellow imagined that he made known. He discovered that Dickory was greatly interested in Bonnet's daughter and wished above all other things in this world to get to her and to be with her.

This was a little out of the common run of things among the brotherhood; it was their fashion to forget, so far as they were able, the family ties which already belonged to them, and to make no plans for any future ties of the sort which they might be able to make. Such a thing amused the generally rampant Blackbeard, but if this Dickory boy whom they had on board really did wish to marry some one, the idea came into the crafty mind of Blackbeard that he would like to attend to that marrying himself. It pleased him to have a finger in every pie, and now here was a pie in the finger of which he might take a novel interest.

This renowned desperado, this bloody cut-throat, this merciless pirate possessed a home, a quiet little English home on the Cornwall coast, where the cheerful woods and fields stretched down almost in reach of the sullen sea. Here dwelt his wife, quiet Mistress Thatch, and here his brawny daughter, seldom a word came to this rural home from the father, burning and robbing, sinking and slaying out upon the western seas. But from the stores of pelf, which so often slipped so easily into his great arms, and which so often slipped just as easily out of them, came now and then something to help the brawn grow upon his daughter's bones and to ease the labors of his wife.

Eliza Thatch bore no resemblance to a houri; her hair was red, her face was freckled, she had rough teeth left to do good eating with when she had a chance, and her step shook the timbers of her little home.

Her father had heard from her a little while ago by a letter she had had conveyed to Balze. His paternal feelings, notwithstanding he had told Bonnet he knew no such sentiments, were

stirred. When he had finished her letter, he would have been well pleased to burn a vessel and make a dozen passengers walk the plank as a memorial to his girl. But this not being convenient, it had come to him that he would marry the wench to the gayly bedecked young fellow he had captured, and it filled his reckless heart with a wild delight. He drew his cutlass and with a great oath he drove the heavy blade into the top of the table, and he swore by this mark that his grand plan should be carried out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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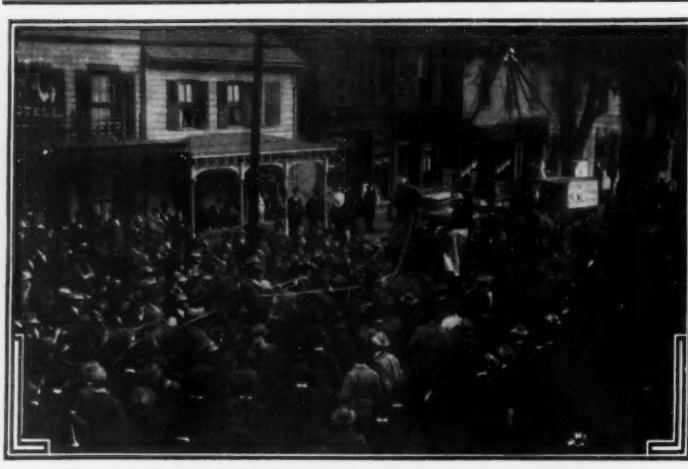
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A RECORD-MAKING COACHING TRIP

On Wednesday, October 9, Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt drove Mr. James H. Hyde's four-in-hand coach "Tantivy" from New York to Philadelphia and back in 19 hours, 35 minutes. Sixteen relays of horses were used each way. The time in which the journey was made establishes a new record for four-in-hand coaching between New York and Philadelphia. There were no mishaps on the journey, but it required about 3 hours longer than had been anticipated to cover the distance. The picture represents the start from New Brunswick after making a change of horses.

BAG PUNCHING

A HEALTHFUL AND INVIGORATING EXERCISE FOR WOMEN

IN SUMMER, golf is the resource of the woman who fears embonpoint. Whether she cares for the game or not, she can tramp around over the links for an hour a day and keep her weight down to a comfortable figure. She can play tennis and row, and climb mountains and actually derive pleasure from solving the ever-present problem of how to grow thin. But with the coming of autumn the question reduces itself usually to a matter of hard work and a rigid diet. Yet, by punching a rubber bag for ten minutes a day for a week a woman can do more to reduce her weight and preserve a firm figure than by observing a rigid diet for six months.

THE RESULTS OF FAITHFUL PUNCHING

Bag punching is by all means the ideal indoor exercise for women. The object of all athletics is, of course, to get the blood to circulate rapidly and well. It is the proper action of the blood that clears the complexion, builds up tissues and makes the thin woman fat, or burns out unhealthy adipose tissues and makes the stout woman thin. Plenty of good blood coursing fast through the veins is a remedy for nearly all physical ills that are remediable.

If a woman has a poor complexion, bag punching will start the sluggish blood in motion and give her a skin the color of peaches and cream, if anything will. Bag punching exercises every muscle in the body, and especially those that have tendency to take on fat. It develops the chest and shoulders and neck, and reduces the waist.

MANY ADVANTAGES

Another advantage it has over other kindred athletic exercises is that it requires no teacher. That is a strong point in its favor for the average woman. Unlike fencing, it does not require an antagonist. Ten dollars will buy a first-class light rubber punching-bag with framework support, and a fairly good one can be had for less money. This is all the paraphernalia necessary, except a pair of lightweight—say once and a quarter—boxing gloves, which will cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter. Exercise can be taken in any costume just as well as in the most up-to-date gymnasium attire. A woman will derive just as much benefit from the most awkward bag punching as from the most scientific.

With practice a puncher will learn to strike

the ball with the regularity of a piston-rod. In the beginning she will merely play with it, and it will be a very enjoyable exercise, because a punching-bag has some resistance to it. Dumb-bells are all very well enough in their way, but they are stupid and uninteresting. One takes dumb-bell exercise because it is necessary and not because there is anything exhilarating in it. But with the punching-bag it is different. One must be constantly on the alert; it is something like playing against an active opponent.

In beginning it is necessary to observe just two rules. Suspend the bag on a level with the shoulders, and strike straight out from the shoulder. This stroke brings into play a greater number of muscles than any other, and it tends to expand the chest and gives a good poise to the neck. Always hit the bag, if possible, a trifle above the centre, and this will prevent a rebound and a bruised nose.

This, however, will be understood with practice, and it is a part of the game to keep out of harm's way.

GOOD ADVICE

Bag punching is, almost, if not quite, as valuable as fencing in making a woman graceful in movement and light on her feet. She will find in a short while that the easiest and best position for striking the bag is to poise herself lightly on the ball and toes of the feet, the right foot a little in advance of the left. This will give her a springy step and an easy and graceful carriage.

Ten minutes a day is long enough for the average woman, or twenty minutes if she wants to reduce her weight rapidly. Punch the bag twenty-five times with the right arm swing, rest a few moments, and then try twenty-five strokes with the left hand. Strike with the greatest regularity possible. Then alternate one punch with the right and another with the left. Keep at it. Don't exercise an hour one day and then forget all about it for a week.

There are various fancy strokes that may be learned in time; as, for example, punching the bag with the right elbow, alternating with punches from the left fist, or vice versa. Then, a little more difficult still, is the elbow punch with alternating upper-arm and under-arm thrusts with the fists. Many other combinations will readily suggest themselves. Gradually the punches can be made faster and faster, until the bag will beat a regular tattoo on the top of the framework overhead.



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. J. MEYER



THE RECENT FLOOD IN GALVESTON

That unfortunate city has again been visited by calamity, although not so seriously this time as last year. Many of the city's streets, however, were under water for several days. The photographs show the corner of Twenty-third and Market streets

CUBAN TARIFF PETITION

THE GENERAL APPEAL of the Cuban sugar and tobacco planters to the United States Government for a reduction of the prevailing duties on their products took the form of public demonstrations and processions in Havana, Santiago, and other towns throughout the island on the 3d inst.

In Havana, an earnest but quite orderly assemblage of twenty thousand persons marched the streets, and proceeded to the Governor's Palace. There, a deputation representing all the industrial and commercial corporations under whose auspices the procession had been organized presented to General Leonard Wood a petition addressed to President Roosevelt asking for a reduction of the American duties on sugar and tobacco. In presenting the petition, Señor Gamba, President of the Merchants' Union, said in behalf of the producing classes of the country: "Every one knows that you understand and appreciate the need in which Cuba stands of a remedy for her bad economic situation. Nobody is ignorant of the untiring solicitude which you show in advocating the cause of our products at Washington. These endeavors have produced a profound sense of gratitude throughout the country toward you."

All the Havana bankers, of whatever nationality, joined in the petition, presenting an address for themselves, in which they said: "The undersigned publicly express gratitude to you for your untiring efforts in behalf of Cuba, and we feel that we cannot let this day, destined to be memorable in the annals of Cuba, pass without calling your attention to the gravity of the present situation. In our occupation of bankers we have the opportunity directly, and, through a long list of correspondents throughout the island, indirectly, of knowing the seriousness of the present situation. Furthermore, all moneys received in the island in payment for exports and all moneys paid by the island for imports necessarily pass through our hands, thus giving us exact knowledge of the present conditions, which we feel are so serious and the outlook so dark that in associating ourselves with the Merchants' Union, the Society of Planters, and the Cigar Manufacturers' Union, who organized the present demonstration, we must earnestly request that you continue to make our cause yours, and urge your government to give us relief in order to prevent the impending crisis."

General Wood, in his reply, told the deputation that he was aware of their appeals and supporting statements; and that he believed the former just and the latter true. He would forward the petition to President Roosevelt. He thought that the American people did not know the bad economic situation in Cuba, nor realize the fact that Cuban sugar was selling for less than the cost of production.

This petition will at least serve to keep before the United States Government and people the Cubans' demand for a lowering of the import duties on sugar and tobacco; though it can hardly affect the military administration of Cuba. The Cubans are anxious to obtain liberal concessions for the benefit of this year's sugar crop, which is small—being scarcely more than half a million tons, as compared with one million tons in other years, before the ravages of the revolution. They want the twenty per cent concession authorized, in certain contingencies, by the Dingley bill, justly claiming that the American Government should now help them in preference to the bounty-aided German beet growers.

These arguments, however, are for Con-

gress to consider, rather than for the War Department. The military attitude is, that any action reducing the import duties would be a practical recognition of the independence of Cuba, or of its status as a foreign power. It may be another year before Cuba shall be really in a position to claim the concessions contemplated and authorized by the Dingley bill.

OCTOBER IN GEORGIA

FOAM of the fields, snow-flower of the soil,
Dream of plantations boundless to the sea,
With warmth of loving turn our thoughts
to thee
Who charm'st to laughter the dark face of toil.
The generous land that giveth wine and oil
Feedeth thy fleecy flocks upon the lea,
And shepherds glad thy swarthy gatherers
be,
Unvexed by Vulcan's clangor and turmoil.
Conciliator pure and peaceful white,
Free, bounteous, impartial as the sun,
Lowly in largess, gentle of all might,
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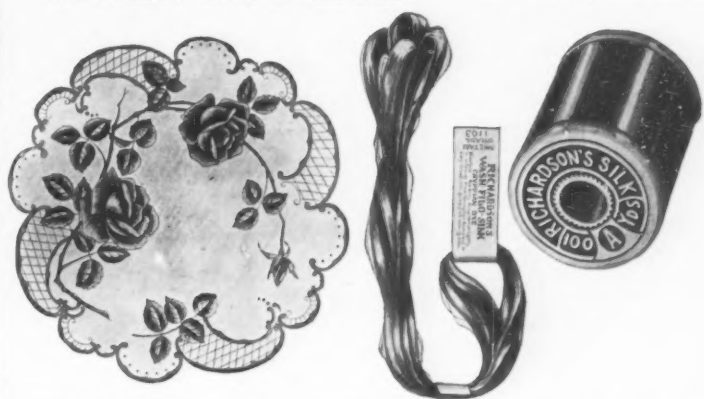
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DRAWN BY A. J. KELLER

CAMPAIGN "SPELLBINDERS" AT WORK IN NEW YORK'S FAMOUS EAST-SIDE

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

YALE UNIVERSITY'S BICENTENNIAL

DRAWN BY G. E. UPHAM



THE CELEBRATION of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Yale College, held in New Haven October 20-23, will be of interest to many thousand people—mostly graduates of the University. New Haven makes a holiday of the occasion, and the town, gayly decorated by day and illuminated by night, will entertain delegates from almost every American college and from many foreign seats of learning. The officially announced order of exercises, as arranged, includes addresses by President Hadley, Cyrus Northrop, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Justice Brewer, Donald G. Mitchell and many others;

a dramatic performance by the students in an open amphitheatre on the campus, largely a pantomimic exposition of important events in Yale's history; a torchlight procession of seven thousand uniformed graduates and students, in which are various companies dressed to represent Indians, colonial settlers, continental soldiers, rough riders, and the crew of the cruiser "Yale." One of the chief ceremonies is the dedication of the Bicentennial Buildings erected at a cost of over five million dollars. There is an Art Exhibit in the Art School and a Historical Exhibit in the University Library.

THE "SPELLBINDER" IN THE CAMPAIGN

OPENING OF THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN

ANOTHER great municipal contest is upon us. The newspapers, with an infinite variety of editorials, are imploring the scattered virtue of New York, real and alleged, to stand together; and down near the Wigwam, and a little further uptown, in Union Square, small groups of listless, weary-eyed men, the Campaign Committees on Public Speakers, are "trying out" and "instructing" a phalanx of budding orators for the work of the campaign. These committees will continue their work until the votes are cast; for the "cart-tail orator" in municipal campaigns is a proved necessity. To neglect him; to put him forth before the shifting, street-corner audiences of the city unfitted or unprepared for his work is an almost criminal form of political malpractice.

Cart-tail orators who are born such are, by some mysterious error of nature, sadly limited in numbers. They must, therefore, be created, must be filled by purely human means with the municipal gospel they are to preach, and native talent, if any, must be supplemented by facts and figures culled from the Campaign Hand-Book. In a municipal campaign there are two distinct varieties of orator—the Native Orator, generally of Irish extraction, and the Hand-Book or Committee-made Orator. They are easily distinguishable. The Hand-Book Orator is the man who disperses the crowd which the Native Orator collects.

It may be said with all possible earnestness, that to one interested in studying the great city from an almost infinite number of new viewpoints, there is nothing which will for an instant compare with the opportunities offered by the cart-tail platform in a closely contested campaign. It is a liberal education in vitalized civics. It combines excitement with instruction. It is, moreover, excellent training for the nerves.

For example, no one who has not tried it knows what a strain there is in keeping one's attention fully fixed upon his discourse (standing meanwhile upon the tailpiece of a cart) when he knows that it is only a matter of a few mo-

ments before some adverse partisan will apply an argument in the form of a barrel-stave to the horse attached to the vehicle on which the "spellbinder" stands and cause him to plunge head-foremost into the crowd. The experienced cart-tail orator generally provides against this contingency by taking a position on the cart-tail as near as may be in front of a citizen who seems at once fat enough to break an otherwise serious fall-and mild-tempered enough not to resent an involuntary assault upon his person.

WHAT A "SPELLBINDER" REALLY IS

It may not be out of place at this point to inform the uninitiated what the word "spellbinder" really means.

The word used in its strict sense includes the street orator and him alone. This species of public speaker is called a spellbinder—not as a term of reproach, but quite the contrary; for the talents necessary to collect and keep together a crowd of voters at a street corner are far greater than the average layman imagines—until he has tried it. Two-thirds of the voters who attend the large political gatherings in the public halls already have convictions or preferences similar to those of the speakers they hear. They have some interest in the matter in hand, as their presence in the hall itself indicates.

On the other hand, The Man In The Street who forms the spellbinder's audience is either of a hostile political faith, and looking for a chance to "rattle" the speaker, or, as is more likely, is not interested in politics at all. He sees a crowd gathered and stops for a moment on his way by, simply because somebody else has done so—that excellent reason which accounts for the perennial gaping audiences of the cigarette-rollers in the windows of the Broadway tobacco shops.

The Man In The Street has no real intention of stopping more than two minutes at the very longest. If the speaker doesn't interest him in that two minutes he goes on about his business. It is the vote of men of this type that determines elections. If the speaker is a real spellbinder, the chances are that the man stays and listens. If, on the contrary, the

speaker is a hand-book orator, The Man In The Street is quite certain to move on.

The street-corner audience is unquestionably the most critical and exacting one known to politics.

ELOQUENCE AMID THE WINTRY BLASTS

A third-rate and prosy speaker can address an audience which is comfortably seated in a warm and brightly lighted hall. Even in the excited times around election, there is a certain form of public good manners which causes even an uninterested and unconvinced voter to keep his seat rather than go out while the dullard is dragging out slow and commonplace sentences. But, on the street corner, it requires a genuine "spellbinder" to keep his crowd. The opportunity to slip away unnoticed is so much greater. There is so much more discomfort in standing still on a chilly, windy night, that only an interesting speaker can be successful. With such difficulties to be overcome, it is quite apparent that to be a real "spellbinder" requires powers of a higher and entirely different character from those possessed by the ordinary "hall speaker." Hence the name.

The campaign of education in the Low-VanWyck-Tracy contest began far back in the summer preceding the election, and the writer's first appearance in politics was made, not in the street, but in a big stuffy room on East Houston Street, on a very hot evening in the latter part of July. The audience itself was one which could scarcely be considered inspiring. It was composed principally of newly arrived Italians, a very small proportion of whom probably had been naturalized, with a modest sprinkling of Irish and non-descript.

The district captain was an Italian, and he led off with an address to his countrymen in their own language which at times met with applause, notably when he spoke of the difficulty of getting a street job under Tammany. I had earnestly begged to be put last on the list of talkers, as I confessed my extreme political callowness and explained I wished to get

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RICHARD CROKER, CHIEF OF TAMMANY
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E. M. SHEPARD, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK
Photo. by Alex Pearsall, N. Y.

assistance from the examples of others who should precede me. In this way I gained considerable practical information, particularly from the speaker who was next introduced. I had never been able to understand, up to the time when he began to talk, just why certain metropolitan dailies found so much to deride in the "scholar in politics." This I now learned.

This speaker was a very well-meaning, scholarly young man, and actuated by the best of motives in coming down to talk to these poor, ignorant, dirty and boss-ridden Italians. His failure—and it was the most complete and absolute failure I witnessed during this or any subsequent campaign—was due simply to an utter inability to sympathize with his hearers, to see anything with their eyes, or from their standpoint. He may have had sympathy for them, but certainly none with them. He told them, as he would tell a Sunday school class in his father's church, what government was; what had men had done and might again do, etc.

He talked as much as possible in words of one syllable, and with the painful plainness which a teacher would use in teaching a class of scholars whose intelligence bordered on idiocy. In this case his hearers undoubtedly were ignorant, but the ignorance was only half on their side, and of this he was absolutely and blissfully unconscious. He talked down to them. They sat in stony silence, like so many Indians, and gravely surveyed him.

He finished at last the lesson he came to teach, and sat down; and when he sat down he had made, I verily believe, absolutely no impression, had exercised absolutely no influence of one kind or another on any one in his audience except myself. It was the first practical illustration I had ever had of the futility and forcelessness of the scholar, the ignorant and unsympathetic scholar in politics, and I shall not soon forget it.

THE GOD AND THE MACHINE

Late in the fall begin the outdoor meetings. In creating an outdoor meeting three men are necessary: one carries the platform on which the speakers are to stand; one, the Greek fire and Roman candles, and the spellbinder carries the oratory.

The platform resembles a croquet box or an elongated dresssuit case. It is opened flat, turned upside down, and the four legs which it contains when closed are taken out and thrust through round holes in its four corners. These legs are very long, so that the ends project through the platform as high as the speaker's waist. Red and blue lanterns are then arranged in such a fashion above the platform so that violent and incautious gesticulations on the part of the spellbinder are likely to be dangerous. Then the Greek fire man "lights up," and two hundred children assemble at once.

The meeting is then ready to begin. The district captain gets up on the narrow platform and, raising his voice above the screams of the children, bellows a premonitory, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" or, more usually, "Fellow-citizens of the — Assembly District!" The

men hanging about the neighboring corners come over and the crowd rapidly collects.

After the crowd has gathered the crafty Greek fire man causes an illumination half a block away from the meeting-place. The greater portion of the children follow it, and, upon their exit, the spellbinder is introduced. The introduction is usually the occasion of more or less mendacity on the part of the District leader. He knows, or at least he thinks he knows, what kind of a speaker will be acceptable to his district. For example, if he thinks a "laboring man who has lived all his life in the district" would meet their taste, then the spellbinder is so introduced.

This duplicity on the District leader's part is at times a trifle disconcerting. In one downtown district in which I was introduced as "a laboring man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow," etc., I was called to the platform unexpectedly early. As I did so, a citizen near the front of the crowd decidedly embarrassed me by yelling:

"Get on to the laborin' man pullin' off his kid gloves!"

"COMPLIMENTS THAT PASS"

The spellbinder's appeal is almost invariably an appeal to prejudice and passion rather than to reason. A restless crowd cannot be held by statistics. The abuse of bosses is almost invariably a personal abuse. One speaker solemnly asserted, for example, that the only time "Halbert Howard" met "Dick" Croker he shook the latter's hands with both of his and squeezed tight for fear that if he shook only one that "Dick" would "pinch" his diamond pin" with the free hand.

This sort of argument is known among spellbinders as "hot shot." The average man in the street-corner crowd is presumably strong in his feelings and his prejudices, and extremely weak in his reasoning. Apparently the spellbinder's theory, therefore, was that there was more argument in telling a crowd of Irishmen that Ireland wasn't good enough for Croker; that when he had made his money he never went near that beautiful, etc. (here insert poetic description of the Emerald Isle); that he was "the pal of the Prince of Wales," and a pretty Irishman, than to give a myriad of statistics about clean streets and the death rate.

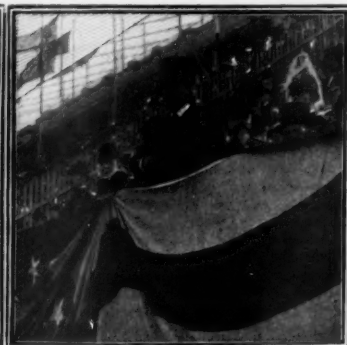
Outdoor speaking, as every one knows, is a very severe strain on the voice, and after two or three weeks of continuous speaking the novelty of public address wears off. The stories the spellbinder is compelled to tell cease to amuse him, and he approaches them with a painful sense of duty. Clean streets and the death rate, good schools and public parks, become less and less interesting subjects of vociferous harangue. The Greek fire and the drum corps cease to arouse his jaded enthusiasm. His love of good government, although not dead, grows tired. The last week means double work. Two addresses and sometimes three a night, with a hoarse voice taxed to its utmost to rise above the cries of children, the disturbing rumble of carts and cars, and the music of the rival bands.

GEORGE W. ALGER.

GOVERNOR ODELL AT THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION ON NEW YORK DAY



THE GOVERNOR AND GENERAL ROE REVIEWING THE STATE TROOPS



THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS IN THE STADIUM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE AND T. C. TURNER



COLUMBIA BLOCKING A CENTRE PLAY BY HARVARD



COLUMBIA-HARVARD LINE-UP



COLUMBIA'S BALL ON THE 35-YARD LINE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

HARVARD
18
COLUMBIA
0

IN THE Columbia game Harvard showed much more uniform strength than in any match this season. Her backs were consistently strong, and the interference for an end run far more compact than it has been heretofore. The defensive work of the line was also much better. Columbia was especially unfortunate in running up against Harvard just at this time, when the Cambridge men put up the best game they have shown this season. The game was a rough one, resembling in that respect the contest between the two teams a year ago. A long discussion and delay over officials and certain encroachments on the field of play, with the discussion incident thereto, did not

aid in soothing the tempers of the men, and on the whole the game would not have been chosen as an exhibition one for the supporters of the game.

Morley kicked well, and was very strong on the defence. Columbia's guard, Lancon, showed his ball and bear ability, and is manifestly a strong player. Harvard scored 12 points in the first half and 6 in the second.

The Yale-Annapolis game showed an improvement in the concerted action of line and backs on the Yale team. But it did not bring out any solution for the question of how to manage a kicking game. And that is the most serious point for Yale to consider at present. Annap-



PRINCETON vs. LEHIGH—PRINCETON MAKING A TOUCHDOWN

olis played the usual plucky game, but could not hold the Yale attack. The latter scored 12 points in the first and an equal number in the second half.

Princeton simply ran away with Lehigh in a rather uninteresting game, making 24 points in the first half and 11 in the second. The only lesson from the game was that it demonstrated to the college that the coaches are working along most promising lines, and that the formations are going to prove dangerous to Princeton's opponents.

Pennsylvania played rather an unusual game with Brown, for during the first half neither side scored, and the bleachers were very blue. In the second half Pennsylvania woke up and exhibited the best form of the season, running up 26 points.

Carlisle had a close game with Bucknell, winning 6 to 5. Cornell had an easy time with Union, and West Point defeated Trinity without trouble.

The interest in the women's golf tournaments has grown in proportion as the women have advanced, and the chances of victory are no longer confined to a single player. As soon as it was actually learned that Miss Beatrice Hoyt could be beaten there was a marked improvement in the courage with which women entered, as well as in the way the tournaments were regarded by the on-lookers.

The tournament was played on the Baltusrol course, near Short Hills, N. J. This course, as mentioned in an earlier issue, while a simple one, is not entirely an easy one, especially to those who fail to exhibit good direction. The committee offered an extra cup for the second sixteen, instead of yielding to the urgent requests of the competitors that 32 be allowed to qualify.

The first marked downfall was that of Miss Griscom, who



MISS HECKER

MISS HERRON

had been heralded as likely to renew her win of a year ago. She began badly, for, after getting to the edge of the green on the first hole in a good three, it took her four more to hole her ball down, and as she rather got into difficulties on the 17th hole, her final score footed up a 55 and 52, or a total of 107, which was three strokes away from the qualification score of the first sixteen. Miss Carpenter of Chicago just missed it by a stroke. Mrs. Fox was also one of the promising ones who fell into the second division, as did Mrs. Barlow and Miss Cassatt. Four tied for the lowest score—Mrs. Manice, Lenox; Miss Adams, Boston; Miss M. Curtis, Essex County; and Miss Herron, Cincinnati, all getting 97. Miss Herron and Miss Adams each came in at 47, as did also Miss Oliver, while Miss Curtis and Mrs. Manice each scored 49 on the journey out.

The others who qualified in the first sixteen were Miss Oliver, Albany, three strokes away, namely, 100; Mrs. Pendleton Rogers, Baltusrol, 100; Miss Genevieve Hecker, Essex County, 101; Miss Wells, Brookline, 102; Miss Bishop, Brookline, 102; Miss Farrington, Vesper, 102; Miss Anthony, Chicago, 103; Miss McLane, Baltimore, 104; Miss Fargo, Seabright, 104; Miss H. Curtis, Essex County, 104; Miss Mackay, Oakley Country, 104.

Miss Margaret Curtis won the long-driving contest with a few feet over 193 yards. Miss Marion Oliver got off the first long ball, 174 yards; Miss Hecker extended it somewhat, and then also Miss McLane; but Miss Curtis finally, by nearly reaching the 200-yard mark, won the contest.

The remarkable incidents of the first day's play were two. One of these was Mrs. Pendleton Rogers getting the tenth hole in 2. It is 184 yards, and the drive is between the trees. She drove the green and holed down her put. The other and still more remarkable piece of play was that of Mrs. Manice at the first hole. The bogie on this hole is 6. It is 452 yards in length. Mrs. Manice put her third shot on the green and holed down her first put, beating bogie by 2.

The first day of match play, although there were no surprises, brought out some very interesting contests. Mrs. Manice, with her husband as a caddie, kept up her steady



MRS. PENDLETON ROGERS

MISS ANTHONY

going, and easily defeated Miss Wells by 6 up and 5 to play. Miss Margaret Curtis defeated Miss Mackay 2 up, although the latter kept well along with her club mate, and Miss Curtis was unable to win until the very end.

Miss Anthony, the Chicago player, had an exceptionally easy time with Miss Oliver, whom she defeated 5 up and 4 to play. Miss Adams defeated Miss McLane 3 up and 2 to play, and Miss Bishop won her match easily over Miss Farrington by 4 up and 3 to play. Miss Hecker was likewise superior to Miss Fargo by 4 up and 2 to play. Mrs. Pendleton Rogers had more difficulty with Miss H. Curtis, but the match was finally ended with Mrs. Rogers 1 up.

The exciting match of the day, however, proved to be that between Miss Herron and Miss Lockwood. West against East, Miss Lockwood got off rather the longer ball on the drives, but Miss Herron more than held her own on the putting green. On the 18th tee Miss Lockwood was down 1, and it looked like her match, but on the green in putting Miss Herron's ball hit Miss Lockwood's and bounded into the hole, which gave Miss Herron the hole, and made the match all even. The two women walked to the first tee for the extra hole, and each got off a good ball. They did not, however, follow up their drives with such steady play, but finally halved the hole in a good deal of nervousness. On the second Miss Herron got off a good drive, but Miss Lockwood sliced hers. Miss Herron with a good chance sliced her second, while Miss Lockwood recovered admirably on her third, getting a good brassie well up the hill. Miss Herron laid a good third with the mid-iron on the green. Miss Lockwood with her mashie put her ball on two yards from the hole. Both were too strong and went over the hole on their puts. But on the next Miss Lockwood was just a trifle short, while Miss Herron holed out, thus winning the match.

When the play reached the second round, one, looking over



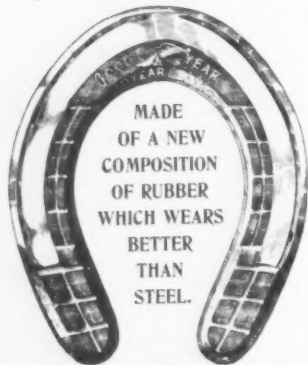
PRINCETON ON LEHIGH'S 3-YARD LINE

the contestants before they teed off, and regarding their records and play of the week, could not help feeling that the contest in almost every case would be nerve-trying. Mrs. Manice was at the top of her game, and while Miss Adams had been playing strongly, it was this match of the lot which seemed the only one where one player had a marked advantage over the other. And the result proved the correctness of this supposition, for while Mrs. Manice defeated Miss Adams 2 up and 1 to play, in no other of the four matches was the margin greater than 1, and in two out of the three an extra hole was necessary. Mrs. Manice took a nine on the fourth hole, but in spite of that she went out in 51, Miss Adams going out in 49. They were all square at the turn, however, and halved until the thirteenth hole, upon which Miss Adams beat bogie by 1, putting her 1 up. Mrs. Manice, however, took the fourteenth in five. They halved the fifteenth in six, but on the two long holes, 16 and 17, Mrs. Manice was too strong for her Boston opponent, taking them each in five. They played out the by-holes, and the final medal score of each was the same, namely, 94, a record that would have decisively won the first prize in the qualifying round.

The match between Miss Hecker and Miss Bishop, while neither played as remarkable golf as did Mrs. Manice and Miss Adams, proved intensely exciting. Miss Bishop is a steady player, with plenty of nerve and experience. In Connecticut there are few women who can hold her. Miss Hecker has perhaps the most finished style of any of our players, and although her game has not been quite up to her best, she has been regarded as a very probable finalist in this tournament. On the outward journey Miss Bishop played the stronger game, and she beat Miss Hecker 2 down at the turn. The tenth and eleventh were halved, and Miss Hecker with a fine four on the twelfth brought Miss Bishop's lead down to 1. The thirteenth was halved in six, but here Miss Bishop pulled away again by taking the fourteenth and fifteenth, each in 5. At this point Miss Hecker, on the advice of her caddie, John Harrison, changed from the lively ball to the

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INLAND LAKE REGATTA AT GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN

old style. It looked like Miss Bishop's match without doubt, for she was dornie 3. Here, however, came that remarkable change in form which so often wins or loses matches. On the sixteenth Miss Hecker barely pulled out in a 6 to Miss Bishop's 7. As they teed up on the seventeenth Miss Hecker knew that she must win the next two holes, and she did it bravely with two good fours. Then came the final chance for Miss Bishop on the extra hole, but the pace had proved too hot, and Miss Hecker won this also in a 6 to Miss Bishop's 7.

Miss Margaret Curtis was another instance of being down at the turn, and fighting the match out on the homeward journey. At the end of nine holes, Miss Anthony was 3 up, and this she continued until teeing up for the fifteenth hole she was 3 up with 4 to play. Here Miss Curtis, like Miss Hecker, seemed to get a new earnestness, while Miss Anthony went off. The result was Miss Curtis took the fifteenth and sixteenth. They halved the seventeenth; Miss Curtis ran down a six foot putt for a four with Miss Anthony's ball on the rim of the hole. This halved the match, and they started off on the extra hole. Miss Curtis played this in par golf, and won, in 5 to Miss Anthony's 7, the hole and the match.

Miss Herron had a hard time with Mrs. Rogers, who was in great driving form. It was interesting all the way, Miss Herron going out in 49 to Mrs. Rogers' 51, both coming in in 50. Miss Herron's better putting won the match for her by 1 up.

Miss Maud Wetmore and Miss Marion Oliver in the four ball match, with 45 and 47, or a total of 92, tied with Mrs. Morgan and Miss Underhill with a similar score.

Miss Griscom and Mrs. Bettie were third with 93.

The semi-finals proved far less interesting in a way than the previous round. Miss Hecker was drawn against Mrs. Manice, and

ever, Miss Hecker evened up on the next hole. The fifth was halved, and Miss Hecker took the sixth and seventh. The eighth and ninth were halved, and Miss Herron with a good three on the tenth reduced her opponent's lead to one. Here was her chance, but she could not hold the pace set by the Metropolitan champion, and lost the eleventh hole, the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth, Miss Hecker thus winning by 5 up and 3 to play.

Miss Porter of Lowell defeated Miss Hurlbut of Morris County for the consolation by 1 up.

The week was a success and the golfing of the women manifestly of a higher grade than in former seasons, and better distributed. The gallery interfered at times too much with the play, and needs greater restriction.

INLAND LAKE REGATTA

One of the prettiest final regattas of the season was the fourth annual Inland Lake Yachting Association at Green Lake, Wis., some 180 miles from Chicago. This lake is nearly eight miles long, and varies from one to three in width. There is ample sea room and no weeds, so that it is an ideal spot for the regatta of lake boats. Last year's regatta of the association was held at Lake Geneva, the one in '99 at Oshkosh, and the one in '98 at White Bear Lake.

On Monday, in class A, *Imp* of Chicago, owned by C. D. Peacock, did the best sailing, but was disqualified by the judges for towing to the starting line after the preparatory gun was fired. In point of actual sailing, *Imp* crossed the starting line four minutes behind the rest, and finished six minutes ahead. *Caroline*, owned by F. H. Libby, was awarded the race. There were fifteen boats that finished.

In class B, *Nokomis*, owned by Clarkson, won, with *Flying Fox* second.

On Tuesday there was a postponement on account of insufficient wind. On Wednesday *Emerson* won, with *Larion* second, in class A, while *Nokomis* again won in class B.

The eighteenth CANADIAN annual championship of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union, the meeting of the greatest importance of any held in Canada, took place on the track at Rosedale, and was notable for the fact that there were more Canadian entries than ever before. It has become the fashion for



CANADIAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION MEET. MORROW WINNING THE 100-YARD RUN

Miss Herron against Miss Curtis. Mrs. Manice, who has upon several occasions played the first hole under bogie, lost it to-day when she wanted it very much. Miss Hecker got a 5, while Mrs. Manice took 6. They halved the next two holes, but Miss Hecker won the fourth. Mrs. Manice took the sixth with a good 4, after Miss Hecker had taken the fifth. Miss Hecker again took the seventh, and they halved the next two. Miss Hecker's outward journey was accomplished in 45, Mrs. Manice getting a 49. Mrs. Manice won the first two holes on the return journey, and halved the next one, but Miss Hecker took the thirteenth in 4. Mrs. Manice once more bravely rose to the occasion, taking the fourteenth, the fifteenth and the sixteenth holes, and reducing Miss Hecker's lead to 1. But the strain was too much, and Miss Hecker took the next hole and the match, 2 up and 1 to play.

The match between Miss Herron and Miss Curtis was less well played in the outward round, each taking a 50 and halving all but two holes, each winning one. Coming in Miss Herron won the tenth, thirteenth and fourteenth holes, and by halving the next two put Miss Curtis out by 3 up and 2 to play.

The final proved less interesting, as it was less closely contested than some of the earlier matches. Miss Genevieve Hecker demonstrated in a decisive manner her right to the title of champion woman golfer of the United States. Miss Herron of Cincinnati, while at times not exhibiting her true form, was on the whole not a bad match. Both women were tired from the week's work, and showed it perceptibly at times. They were nervous at the first hole, although Miss Hecker got off a nice drive. They finally halved the hole in 7. This hole was typical of the match, for the outward round was made by Miss Hecker in 50 and Miss Herron in 52, poor going as compared with what has been done several times during the tournament. On the second hole both made good drives, but followed with poor playing, which halved the hole in 6. On the third Miss Herron took the lead, which, how-

athletes from the States to go up and walk off with practically all the prizes in sight. But this year the increased representation of Canadians enabled them to secure more victories, and for that reason the meeting was more satisfactory to the follower of sports. There was only one record broken, and that was the pole vault, in which D. M. Hall of Buffalo cleared 11 feet 2 inches, but as he competed under protest, on a charge of professionalism, his prize and the record was held over. J. D. Morrow of McGill won the 100 in 10 1/2 seconds. Beck of the New York Athletic Club took the shot with 42 feet 10 1/4 inches. Alex. Grant took the mile run in 4 minutes 31 seconds. S. S. Jones of New York took the high jump with 5 feet 11 inches. J. P. Craig, Montreal, took the 220 in 23 1/2 seconds, while T. O'Rourke, another Canadian, took the discus and the 56 pound weight. Alex. Grant captured also the half mile, and Jones of New York took the hurdles. But the other events fell to Canadians, the broad jump to Bray, the quarter mile to Morrow, and the 16 pound hammer to McArthur. Harry Gill of Toronto, under suspension by the A.A.U., made an exhibition discus throw in his street clothes, sending it 122 feet 4 inches.

Harvard had a fair chance on HARVARD Wednesday to limber up her team and get a line on what her men could do in comparison with Yale, for Amherst came to Soldier's Field, and it will be remembered that Amherst held Yale down to 6 points. Harvard managed to score 11 points before the game ended, the time of the halves being one of fifteen minutes, and one of twelve minutes. Baldwin, Harvard, handled his men very well. Harvard showed some good end runs, and their backs got together with more promise of unanimity than thus far this season. Amherst played a good game and was quite as strong as in her contest with Yale.

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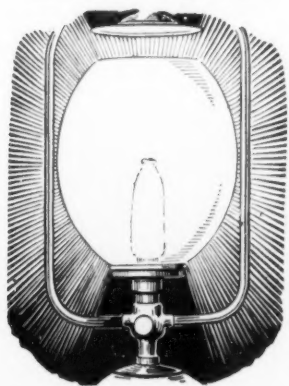
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U. S. NAVY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

have been provided. No question upon this point could be raised, for a regiment of enlisted men without the proper officers to command them would indeed be a remarkable organization.

The authorized increase in the enlisted force of the Navy since the year 1896 is 16,000 men and boys, or it is nearly 180 per cent greater than it was five years ago.

The Personnel bill, reorganizing the line of the Navy, passed by Congress in March, 1899, transferred all engineer officers to the line. In order to create a proper flow of promotion, this bill provided that there should be, each year, forty vacancies in the line above the grade of ensign. The graduates from the Naval Academy being our source of supply to the grade of ensign (the lowest commissioned officer), it follows, that unless the number of graduates each year exceeds forty, there will be no increase in the total number of commissioned officers.

NAVAL ACADEMY APPOINTMENTS

The number of graduates of the Naval Academy during the past five years has averaged below forty. With such a showing, how can we hope for any increase in the number of young officers?

The only answer is to increase the number of graduates from the Naval Academy; and, to accomplish this much-desired result, the number entering that institution each year must also be increased. This has been done to a moderate extent by changing the law governing admissions, so that at present each Congressional representative may always have an appointee at the Academy, provided he passes the necessary entrance examinations. Even with this change, the output of graduates will not be sufficient to meet the demands of the service, and its effect at best cannot be felt for several years to come. The solution should be sought in a decided increase in the size of the entering classes by such a change in the law as will give to each representative in Congress two appointments instead of one, with a moderate increase of the appointments at large.

The time has come when a proper regard for the future of the naval personnel should receive serious consideration. Our people desire a Navy that will meet any demands that may reasonably be expected of it. Their representatives have liberally supplied us with material; in other words, with ships, guns, armor, and Navy Yards. Equally liberal has been the authorization for the enlistment of petty officers, seamen, and boys; but we have failed to supply fully the one set of men who are required to make all else effective, and these are additional commissioned officers. The finest battleships are all very desirable, but the trained men behind the guns, and the trained officers are a still more important adjunct to any well-organized navy.

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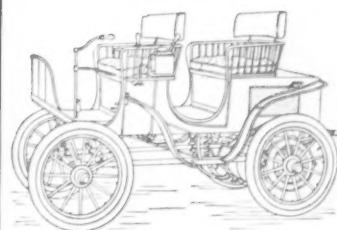
"Coffee!! Oh how I did want it after the nervous strain of public work. Something warm to brace me up was all the breakfast I craved, but every time I drank it, I suffered the dying sensation that follows it with heart fluttering and throbbing of the throat and ears."

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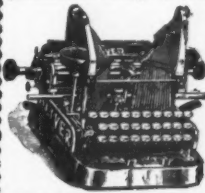
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Sizes 5 to 9 1/2, inclusive

Something New in Men's Fine Striped Cottons

B13. Blue with White Stripes.
B14. Blue with Cardinal Stripes.
Colors guaranteed fast 25c. each pairs \$1.50

Our famous cotton half hose for men and ribbed Misses' Stockings are made from the finest combed Egyptian yarns, manufactured under our supervision, in our own mill. We therefore fully guarantee these goods for durability of color, shape and wear to the fullest extent.

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER WHEN YOU CAN

These goods delivered to any address, postage or express paid, upon receipt of price when NOT OBTAINABLE at your dealers. CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST FREE MEN'S HALF HOSE.

THE SHAW STOCKING CO.
39 Smith Street, Lowell, Mass.



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Advertising Manager,
Hunter's Chain of Stores,
Adelaide, Australia.

E. J. BARTLETT,
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Those now employed, not one making less than \$35.00 weekly, should be an example for you!

No matter what your position may be at present, let us teach you thoroughly and practically this fascinating business. It means a bright future for you. It means a bigger demand for your services, and a broader capacity for business affairs. In fact, it means from \$100.00 a month to \$100.00 a week salary for you. It requires only ordinary common sense and decision on your part to successfully and thoroughly learn advertisement writing.

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A Student in Kankakee, Ill., is now earning \$35. weekly.
A Student in Denver, Col., is now earning \$40. weekly.
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Many others too numerous to mention here; and you can do the same, if you but make the effort—will you start now?

Send for our Large Prospectus; It tells the whole story.

PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL
Suite 19, 167 Adams St., Chicago

Leslie's Monthly Great \$1.00 Offer

OUR BEAUTIFUL ART CALENDAR FOR 1902
OUR DOUBLE 25TH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER
OUR SUPERB CHRISTMAS ISSUE AND
LESLIE'S MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

If you mention this great combination of art and literature will be sent with all charges prepaid.

The Beautiful 1902 Art Calendar

artistically portrays the most "Popular American Actresses and Their Favorite Flower," especially painted for us by Miss Maud Stumm of New York, the famous American water colorist; size 12 1/4 x 10 inches, in three sheets tied with silk ribbon; lithographed in 12 colors on heavy pebble plate paper. The price of this calendar alone in art stores would be 50 cents.

**FRANK
LESLIE'S
POPULAR
MONTHLY**

10 cents \$1.00 a Year

LESLIE'S stories ring true. They are like life, and many of them are taken from actual occurrences.

LESLIE'S articles deal with every great phase of American endeavor. They stimulate while they entertain.

To appreciate LESLIE'S serials you must become a subscriber. A wonderful novel by Maurice Hewitt, author of "Richard Yea and Nay," begins shortly. Other brilliant serials follow in quick succession.

Such men and women as: Nansen, Zangwill, Eastington Booth, Henry van Dyke, Owen Wister, C. G. D. Roberts, "Ralph Connor," Booker Washington, Frank Stockton, Mary Wilkins, Margaret Sangster, Conan Doyle, Eden Philpotts, Sienkiewicz, Hopkinson Smith, Quiller-Couch, Bret Harte, and a multitude of others, make LESLIE'S MONTHLY appeal distinctively to the active man, the intelligent woman, and to boys and girls who mean to accomplish something.

The Double 25th Anniversary Number

for November will be a revelation in magazine making. 168 pages superbly illustrated in black and white and colors.

The Superb Christmas Issue

will be another masterpiece of literature and art. Beautifully illuminated in colors by the leading artists of the day.

Leslie's Monthly for 1902

12 numbers presenting all that's new, all that's interesting, all that's beautiful: Making in all, The Art Calendar and 14 Numbers all for \$1.00.

Specimen copy and illustrated Prospectus 10 cents, which amount will apply on your subscription sent to us, should you accept the above offer.

AGENTS WANTED. LIBERAL OFFERS. APPLY QUICKLY.

FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Founded 1855. 141-147 5th Ave. New York.



**A Great Money Maker is the
GUARANTEE
OIL COMPANY**

In Block 38, Spindletop Heights, Beaumont, Texas.
It has

A Gusher Guaranteed

Has bought and paid for it Owned (NOT LEASED).
The banks in Beaumont say that the parties who guarantee this gusher of 70,000 barrels a day are good for ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

ONLY 10 CTS. PER SHARE

Capital only \$300,000 Full paid. Nonassessable. With this small capital with oil at 35c. a barrel the Company should earn large monthly dividends.
Many companies on Spindletop are worth over \$100 per share.
Nearly all sold stock a few months ago for a few cents per share.
This is a live Company and already has made arrangements for marketing oil. They own much other property on Spindletop, Damon Mound, High Island and in other places over one thousand acres.
Every stockholder shares in all profits from all parts of this great property.
Stock is going fast; as it ought to.
Get in before the advance. We have investigated it.
Make remittance or send for particulars to

CHICAGO SECURITY & TRUST CO.

Fiscal Agents,
1009 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago.

Four Great Collier Specials

DRAMATIC NUMBER, November 2d, (In Press)
THANKSGIVING NUMBER, November 23d
DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, December 7th
FICTION NUMBER, December 21st : : : :

To secure representation in these numbers, advertiser's copy must be received two weeks prior to dates of issue, three weeks prior if proofs are to be shown. For the four numbers ONE MILLION AND A QUARTER COPIES GUARANTEED SOLD or pro rata rebate of advertising charge will be made. Special back page and color page prices upon application.

C. E. PATTERSON, Western Representative
108 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

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523 West Thirtieth Street, New York